THE *DESERVING* FAVORITE.

1625.

A *TRAGI-COMEDY*.

As it was presented before the KING and QUEENES Majesties at *White-Hall*, and very often at the Private house in *Black-Friers*, with great Applause.

By his late MAIESTIES *Servants.*

Written by

LODOWICK CARLELL, Esq;.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his shop at the *Prince's Armes* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1659.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To my very noble and approved Friends, Mr. *Thomas Cary*, ſon to the Earl of *Monmouth*; and Mr. *William Murrey*: *both of the Bed-chamber to his* MAJESTY.

Approved Friends,

THis Play, which know at firſt was not deſign'd to travell ſo farre as the common Stage, is now preſt for a greater journey, almoſt without my knowledge; And, to give ſome ſtop to prejudicate opinions, which may haply ariſe from the Authors known want of Learning, I am bold to ſay, Yee both approved the Plot and Language; for your abilities to judge, I held them ſo great, and believe the world did ſo too, that your approbation to this, hath made me, againſt the opinion even of many friends, continue to waſt more paper. If yee then flatter'd, or were loth to diſcourage me in this way, which few delight to practiſe, though moſt to ſee and cenſure; yee are juſtly puniſht now, when yee expect it not, in being choſen Patrons of what's preſented to you thus plainly by your Servant,

LOD: CARLELL.

THE PRINTER'S

Epigrammaticall Epiſtle to the

Underſtanding Reader.

UNknown to th'Author, this fair Courtly Piece
Was drawn to th'*Preſſe*, not for a golden fleece,
As do our *Midas* Mimicks of theſe times,
Who hunt out gain, with *Reaſon*'s loſſe in *Rhimes*;
Heaping together ſuch indigeſted ſtuffe,
Can ſcarce out-bear true Judgment's counter-buffe.
He with a new, choiſe, and familiar ſtrain,
Strikes full Conceit deep in the maſter-vein;
Stoops not for droſſe, his *profit* was his *pleaſure*,
Has (for his friends) ranſack'd the *Muſes* treaſure,
Brought thence ſuch luſtrious ſparkling *Jewels* forth,
As well improve his Scenes of reall worth.
Prompt Wit, ripe Art, with Judgment fell at ſtrife,
How beſt t'expreſſe true Nature to the life:
Yet fill'd with pleaſing language, and ſo filde,
As beſt beſeemes *Minerva*'s high-bred child.
Accept theſe ſtraines, as here you find 'em dreſt
By me the Printer; all ſtand ready preſt
At your ſole ſervice, rightly underſtand 'em,
And if more ſuch I meet with, ſtill command 'em.

Your obſequious, in what's
good and vertuous,

I. R.

THE

THE PROLOGUE,

As it was ſpoken before the

KING.

DO not expect ſtrong lines, nor mirth, though they
Juſtly the Town-wits, and the Vulgar, ſway:
What hope have we then, that our Play can pleaſe
This more judicious Preſence, wanting theſe?
We have a hope (the Author ſaies) this night,
Love in our weakneſſe ſhall expreſſe his might.
He in each noble breaſt himſelf will place,
The ſubject being all love then, muſt find grace.
Yes, you may ſay, if it be well expreſt,
Elſe Love doth cenſure him from out our breaſt.
Thus what he hop'd ſhould help him, if he erre
In the expreſſion, turnes his cenſurer.
I for the Author ſtand, and in his name
Do here renounce the glory, or the ſhame
Of this nights work. Great Love, this Play is thine,
Work miracles, and ſhew thy ſelf divine:
Change theſe rude lines into a ſweet ſmooth ſtrain,
Which were the weak effects of a dull brain.
If in this Prologue contradictions move,
That beſt expreſſes, it was writ by Love.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

King.	
Duke,	The Favourite.
Count Utrante,	Father to *Clarinda.*
Count Orſinio,	The Hermite.
Jacomo,	A diſguiſed villain, brother to *Orſinio.*
Lyſander,	In love with *Clarinda.*
Gerard,	The Keeper.
Jaſper,	*Servants.*
Bernardo,	
Franciſco,	
Executioner.	
Attendants.	
Cleonarda,	Siſter to the King.
Clarinda,	Daughter to *Utrante.*
Mariana,	Siſter to *Lyſander.*

THE

THE FAVOURITE.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Mariana, and Lysander.

Mariana.

COme, prethee tel me, brother, why ar't sad.

Lys. From thee, my deareſt Siſter,
I have not hid my neereſt touching ſecrets:
Thou know'ſt how truly I did love,
And how at laſt I gain'd, my dear *Clarinda.*

Mari. I do; and wiſh that I could tell you ſuch a ſecret of mine own; for, of all men living, I think you moſt happy.

Lys. Moſt miſerable of men.

Mari. How can that be! is not *Clarinda* yours?
In which (were I a man) I ſhould beleeve
More happineſſe conſiſted, then for to be a Monarch.

Lys. Clarinda yet is mine.

Mari. Nothing can take her from you but the grave, I hope ſhe is not ſick.

Lys. Nothing can take her from me, dear *Mariana,*
But I muſt give her.

Mar. Why? love you any one ſo well to give away your heart?
I know ſhe's dearer to you.

Lyſ. She's ſo much deerer to me then my heart,
That I muſt kill my heart if I do give her.

Mari. Be plain, ſweet brother.

Lyſ. The Duke, who is too neer akin in love
And bloud to our dread Soveraign to be deny'd,
Dyes for *Clarinda.*

Mar. Why, think you ſhee'le prove falſe?

Lyſ. She falſe! Oh no:
It is I muſt play the Traytor to my ſelf
Vertue doth undermine my happineſſe,
And blows it up. I muſt releaſe my intereſt
In *Clarinda*, that ſhe may marry this love-ſick Duke,
And ſave his Life.

Maria. Why, who compels it?

Lyſ. Gratitude compels it;
For to the Duke I owe my life and fortunes.
My fortunes; when my wicked Uncle would have
Wreſted from me by falſe witneſs that ſtate
Which I am now poſſeſt of; which the Duke finding,
He imploy'd his power, and ſo I had my right:
My life I then received; when I was reſcued
By his valour from the dreadful Bore, (to aſſayle:
Which I (too young), thruſt on by honour, ventur'd
Yet all theſe obligations touch me not ſo neer,
As doth the danger of the Count *Ulrante*, (ner,
(*Clarinda's* Father) who hath been long a Priſo-
For the ſame cauſe for which my Father fled.

Mari. He is now at liberty.

Lyſ. It is true, he hath his liberty, and, greater hon-
Are propos'd if he can win his Daughter (ours
To marry with the Duke, than he hath loſt:
But on the other ſide, if ſhe deny,
And it doth wholly lie in me to make her grant,
Her Fathers head is in danger, the King

So

So paſſionately doth love the Duke.
Mari. How came you by this miſerable knowledg?
Lyſ. Siſter, you know I often viſited
The Count *Uirante* in the priſon, beſides,
The wiſh'd occaſions which I ever took
To waite upon his daughter thither;
This he ſo gratefully accepted,
That, now that he hath liberty,
He ſtill ſends for me, where I chanc'd to be laſt night,
And as a friend heard when he did propound it to
Clarinda. (betwixt you;
Mari. Then he doth no way ſuſpect there's love
But tell me, Brother, how poor *Clarinda*
Did receive her Fathers deadly propoſition.
Lyſ. Her Father, not believing that ſhe would deny
So great a bleſſing, came with joy to tell her,
That which once told, forc'd tears from her fair eyes:
At which he being amazed, deſired to know
The cauſe, why ſhe receiv'd his and her happineſſe
With ſo much ſorrow: She anſwered him with broken ſighes,
Offering to tear her hair; which when I would not
Give her leave to do, ſhe curſt her beauty,
As the cauſe of all this miſchief: at laſt
Conſidering who it was that ſpoke,
A Father, that deſerv'd an anſwer:
Her judgment ſhut her paſſions in a leſs room,
For having calm'd the tempeſt of her griefs,
She mildly anſwer'd, That ſhe was happy
In his liberty, though now ſhe ſaw
It was but given him to procure her bondage;
For ſuch ſhe did account all ties of marriage
Made by the Parents without the child's conſent,
Though neer ſo rich or honourable. (watry eyes
Mari. And having ſaid ſo, did ſhe not caſt her
Upon you? and in this ſad, yet pleaſing language,

Tel

Tel you, that ſhe would not forſake you for the Duke?
Lyſ. It is true, ſhe did ſo; there is no tongue
That can expreſs the hearts of thoſe that love
Like their own eyes: But, Siſter, it will be late
Before you reach the Forreſt, the Princeſſe too
May wonder at your ſtay.
Mari. Brother, it's true: but I ſo ſeldome ſee you,
That I'le not go, unleſs you promiſe to come and ſee (me.
Lyſ. You know the ſtrict command, (ver go.
That none but thoſe appoynted ſhould come neere
Mari. That is but your excuſe: (the Lodge.
I have told you how often the Princeſſe
Earneſtly hath deſir'd to ſee you; yet you would ne-
Lyſ. Siſter, I fear theſe ſad occaſions will hinder me;
But I will write.
Mari. Will you not come ſix miles to ſee a Siſter
That ſo dearly loves you?
Lyſ. Siſter, I know your love, nor will I be a debter;
You are both my Friend and Siſter. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh, Enter King, Itrante, and Attendants.

King. My Lord *Itrante*, can you not then
Perſwade your daughter to receive a bleſſing,
Which even the greateſt Ladies in this Kingdome
Would deſire on their knees.

Enter Duke and followers.

Is this a man to be neglected? though he were not
A Kinſman to your King? Beſides, my Lord,
Remember you may draw upon your ſelf
Our high diſpleaſure by her refuſall.
Duke. Great Sir, let not your love and care of me
Barre fair *Clarinda* the freedom of her choyce,
By threatning puniſhments unto her Father,
If ſhe chooſe not me: for, ſhould ſhe be offended,
Which ſhe might juſtly be, if I ſhould ſeem
To force Love from here, it were not within your
power,

Though

Though that you would give all that you poſſeſs,
To make me ſatisfaction for the wrong.
King. Yes, I could make you ſatisfaction,
Though ſhe were offended, by forcing her
Into your armes, to whom the wrong was done.
Duke. Her Perſon Sir you might, but not her mind;
Which is indeed the object of my love,
That's free from your ſubjection, for it's free
From Love, a greater power by far.
Uran. My Lord, I think ſhe's free from Reaſon too,
For did that govern her, ſhe could not thus neglect
Her happineſſe: or rather ſhe may yet ſuſpect, your Lordſhip
Doth not mean what you profeſs; and from that fear
Seems coy, till ſhe be more aſſured.
Duke. I cannot pluck my heart out of my breaſt
To ſhew her (I wiſh I could) yet live to doe her ſervice:
There ſhe might ſee her worth truly ingraven
In laſting Characters, not to be razed out
By the hand of Time, nor (which is more) her ſcorn.
King. Cozen, if you will be rul'd by me,
I'le make her leap with joy into your armes.
Duke. Sir, ſo that it be by no way of violence,
I will obey you.
King. In act I'le uſe no way of violence,
Yet I muſt threaten it.
Duke. Sir, if you threaten her, you ruine me;
Her Sun-bright Eyes, by faithfull ſervice,
May in time ſhine gently on me, and warm
My frozen hopes. But, on the contrary,
Shee knowing that I'm the cauſe of theſe your threatnings,
Will from her juſt-vext ſoul throw curſes on me.
I would not ſee the heaven of her fair face,
Clouded with any raiſed by my power, to be a March.
King. You know my love, and you preſume upon it,
Take your own way of love, deliver up your ſelf

Unto

Unto her mercy, that I would make at yours,
Would you be ruled: go, ſee your Miſtreſs, (man;
Tell her you Love her more then ever Man did Wo-
To prove which true, pray her that ſhee'l command you
Tasks more dangerous, then did the envious *Juno*
To great *Hercules*: all which you will performe
With much more eaſe; ſince you by her command
Shall undertake 'em, whoſe vertue hath the power
To arme you 'gainſt a world of dangers: do,
Make her proud with praiſes, and then ſee
How ſhe will torture you.

Duke. Sir, ſhe may torture me, and juſtly too,
For my preſumption: ſince I have dared
To tell ſo much perfections that I love,
Not being firſt made worthy by my ſuffering
For her. (houſe

Utran. My Lord, if you'l be pleas'd to grace my
This day, ſhe either ſhall require your ſufferings.
Or I will deny her for a Child of mine. (*Clarinda,*

Duke. My Lord, moſt willing, I would ſee faire
But not upon ſuch conditions, nothing (King
But gentle intreaties muſt be us'd: for though the
Were pleas'd to ſay that my humility
Would make her proud; I would not have a ſubject
Say, not you that are her Father, that ſhe can
Do an act or think a thought that tends not
To perfection.

Kin. Come my Lords, we will go hunt a Stag to day,
And leave my Cozen to his amorous thoughts.

Exeunt King, Attendants.

Duke. I thank your Majeſty for this day's licence:
My Lord *Utrante*, ſhall I then ſee *Clarinda*,
And will you lend your beſt aſſiſtance (envy
To make me Maſter of a happineſs, the world may

Utran. My Lord, you make an Idoll of a peeviſh Girle, Who

Who hath indeed no worth but what you pleaſe
To give her in your opinion.
Duke. I muſt not hear you thus blaſpheme.
You might as wel ſay, *Pallas* wanted wiſdome,
Diana chaſtity, or *Venus* beauty,
As ſay ſhe wanted worth: for every ſeveral excellence
That ſhin'd in them, and made them
By mens admiration Goddeſſes,
Flow mixt in her; indeed ſhe hath
Too much of *Diana's* Ice about her heart,
And none of *Venus* heat: but come, my Lord,
I loſe my ſelf in her vaſt praiſes, and ſo
Defer the joy of ſeeing what I ſo commend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jacomo and Lyſander, at ſeverall doors.

Lyſ. Good morrow honeſt *Jacomo*, Is my young La-
Jaco. She is my Lord. (dy ready?
Lyſ. And where's her Father? (King.
Jaco. He was this morning early ſent for, by the
Lyſ. Tell your Lady, I would ſpeak with her.
Jaco. My Lord, I wil. *Exit.* (ſervant:
Lyſ. The Count *Utrante* is happy in this honeſt
Let me, before I do perſwade *Clarinda*, conſider well;
Surely that hour in which I ſee her led to the Temple,
And there made faſt with Hymeneal rites unto ano-
Will be my utmoſt limit, and death is terrible: (ther,
Not where there is ſo glorious a reward propos'd,
As is her happineſſe: ſhe ſhall be happy,
And in her happineſſe conſiſteth mine.
Have I not often ſworn, I lov'd her better
Than my ſelf? and this is onely left to make it good.

Enter Clarinda and Iacomo.

Clar. Good-morrow, noble brother, for by that title
I am proud to call you, being deny'd a neerer.
Lyſ. It is a title that I am bleſt in,
Nor can there be a neerer betwixt us two.
Our ſouls may embrace, but not our bodies.

Clar.

Clar. Let us go walk into the Garden, and there
We may freely ſpeak, and think upon ſome remedy
Againſt this dyſaſter. *Exeunt Lyſ. & Clar.*

Jaco. What a dull ſlave was I? had not I laſt night over-heard their loving parley, I never once ſhould have ſuſpected, that they had been in love: She alwaies ſeem'd an enemy to love, yet hath been long moſt deſperate in love with this young Lord, which quite will ſpoile my hopes at Court; yet when I better think, it will be for my advantage, as I may handle it, and further my revenge: For I will inſinuate my ſelf into the Dukes good opinion, by making a diſcovery of their loves; and then adviſe him, that there is no way to gain *Clarinda*'s heart, till firſt *Lyſander* be remov'd by ſome imployment; for out of ſight, with women, out of mind: or if he be impatient of delayes, I will adviſe him to uſe ſome bloudy means; which if he want an Inſtrument to do, I will effect it my ſelf, pretending that it is out of love to him when it is indeed the ſatisfaction of mine own revenge; and when the Duke is once a partner of my Villany, I will be richly paid for what I do, or elſe for all his greatneſſe I will affright him.

For though great men for bloudy deeds
Give money to a Knave;
Yet if he be a witty one like me,
Hee'l make that Lord his Slave. *Exit.*

Enter Clarinda and Lyſander.

Clar. Come, let us ſit down, for I am tyr'd
With walking; and then I will tell you
How I am reſolv'd to free us from this torment.

Lyſ. I fear there is no remedy, but we muſt part.

Clar. Yes, if you will give conſent to what
I ſhall propound.

Lyſ. Firſt let me hear it.

Clar. My Father, though he have his liberty,

Is

Is not yet reſtor'd to his Lands: when next
The Duke doth viſit me, which I believe will
Be to day, Ile ſeem as if I did miſtruſt his love
To be but fain'd; he then will ſtrive by ſome ſtrong
Teſtimony, to prove he truly loves:
Then will I urge my Fathers reſtoration
To his Lands, which he being once poſſeſt of,
'Twill not be hard for me, the world knowing
How well he loves me, to get ſome coine and Jewels
In my power, ſufficient to maintain us
In ſome other Country, where we like ſhepheards
Or ſome Country folks, may paſs our time with joy:
And that we may without diſtruſt effect this,
I to the Duke will promiſe, that when a month
Is expir'd, if he will come and lead me to the Church,
I'le not refuſe to go. Do you approve
Of this *Lyſander*?

Lyſ. No, dear *Clarinda*,
Though moſt men hold deceit in love for lawfull,
Lyſander doth not; Ere you for me ſhall ſpot
Your yet-pure ſelf with ſuch a ſtaine, as to be
A deceiver, this ſword ſhall pierce my heart:
The debt I owe you is too great already,
And till I cleer ſome part, I ſhall unto my ſelf
Appear a moſt ungratefull man. When firſt I ſaw you,
The height of all my aymes was only to have leave
To love you, ſo excellent I then eſteem'd you:
But you in time, out of your bounty,
Not for my deſert (for no deſert can reach
Your heighth of merit) gave love for love,
For which I owe my life ſav'd by that mercy
From deſpair, and lent me for to ſerve you.

Clar. You are too thankfull, and attribute that
To my bounty, which was the wages of your true
And faithful ſervice.

Lyſ. Were this granted; yet, how ever I ſhal be able

To

To free my self from that great burden of debt
Which your intended flight for my sake
Will lay upon me, as yet I cannot see;
For did you at all value your own happiness,
You could not thus flie the means,
That can best make you so. (ledgement?

Clar. Lysander, to what tends this great acknow-
I understand you not, what is your meaning?

Lys. My meaning, dear *Clarinda*, is to make you
And I conjure you by your affection, (happy,
And all that's dear to you, to lay by
That little portion of wilfulnesse,
Which, being a woman, you are forc'd to have,
And hear me with your best attention,
And with the same affection, as if I were
Your brother, which if the heavens had pleas'd
To make me, I had been most happy. (tune;
With your best reason look upon your present for-
Look first upon the man from whence you had your
being, (you;
And see in reason what pitty it will challenge from
A noble ancient Gentleman, depriv'd of lands
And honours, by injustice, that as a stranger
Might exact your pitty; but as a child,
It being within your powet, it forceth your consent
To give a remedy: If pitty of your fathers fortune
Cannot move you, pitty your own, I beseech you:
Consider not of me as a tormented Lover,
That hath lost his Mistresse, but as a fortunate brother,
Fortunate in seeing of his sister, whom he dearly loves,
Married to one so worthy, whose merits (Duke is,
Compels fortune to wait upon him, for such the
Whom you must not refuse, for such a poor
Unworthy man as I am.

Clar. Lysander, should I grant your want of worth,
I then must give consent to the committing

Of

Of a ſacrileдge againſt the gods, in ſuffering you
To rob your ſelf, you being the pureſt temple,
That yet they ever built for to be honoured in.
And for the Duke, each worth which you expreſſe of
Is but a doubling of your own: (him to me,
The way to ſpeak for him, were to appear
Your ſelf leſſe-worthy: in this, your worths increaſe.
Lyſ. Would you but look with an impartiall eye
On our deſervings, you ſoon would find me
The leſſe-worthy; for even in that, wherein
You think me not to be equal'd, he goes
Far beyond me, (I mean, in true affection).
For being but a private man as I am, (belov'd
Who would not think him bleſt to love, and be
By you, that are eſteem'd the wonder of this age:
But for the Duke, within whoſe power it lies, (dom,
To chooſe the moſt tranſplendent beauty of this King-
Set off with fortunes beſt endowments; For him, I ſay,
To chooſe out you amongſt a world of Ladies,
To make the ſole Commandreſſe of himſelf,
Deſerves (if you would give your reaſon leave to rule)
The neereſt place in your affection.
Clar. Do not thus vainly ſtrive to alter my opinion
Of your worth, with words, which was ſo firmly grounded
By your reall actions; it is a fault, but I will ſtrive
To waſh it from you with my tears.
Lyſ. Theſe tears in her ſtagger my reſolution,
For ſure he muſt be worthieſt for whom ſhe weeps:
Clarinda, Drie your eyes.

Enter Jaſper.

Clar. How now *Jaſper*, where is my Father?
Jaſ. Madam, he doth deſire that you will make you ready
To come to Supper to the Dukes, to night.
Clar. He was reſolv'd to have ſup'd here,
How, hath he chang'd his mind?

Jas. Madam he desires you not to faile,
But come and bring my Lord here with you.
Clar. Well, I will obey him. *Exeunt.*

Enter two servants.

1. Come, prethee be carefull, we shall gain
More upon my Lord's good opinion,
If we please him this day, then hereafter,
In the whole service of our lives.

2. Why prethee?

1. Here will this day be his fair Mistriss *Clarinda*,
And her Father.

2. I thought it was some extraordinary occasion.
He was himself so carefull; Will there be none else?
Will not the King be here? the entertainment
would be worthy of him.

1. It may be, brave *Lysander* will be here, none else;
For he is alwayes with the Count *Ufrante*.

2. When came he home from travail?
I did not see him since he lay here in my Lords house
To be cured of the Wounds the Bore gave him.
He owes my Lord for saving of his life then,
I helpt to bring him out of the Field. (man.

1. My Lord was happy in saving of so brave a Gentle-

Enter Lysander, Ufrante, and Clarinda.

Lys. Can I love *Clarinda*, yet go about
To hinder her of being mistress of all this riches;
Each room we pass through is a Paradise,
The Musick like the Musick of the Spheares,
Ravishing the hearers with content and admiration;
But that which addes unto all the rest,
Is the Duke's true affection; I am asham'd
When I consider of my indiscretion
That would have brought her to the counterpoynt
Of this great happiness.

Enter Duke and Followers.

Duke. Noble *Lysander*, welcome; Excellent Lady.

All

All the honours that my great and royall Maſter
Hath beſtow'd upon me, equals not this,
That you have done, in gracing, at my requeſt,
This now moſt glorious houſe, ſince it containes
The glory of the world. (within it)

Clar. My Lord, your praiſes flie too high a pitch to light on——.

Duke. They muſt doe ſo, or they'l fall ſhort
Of your great worth.

Clar. A reaſonable pitch would ſooner ſtrike
Me with beliefe.

Duke. To give you a firme belief of the reſpect
I bear you, is that I only aym at. (ſhall

Clar. My Lord, it lyeth in your choyce whether I
Believe you or no; for if you will ſpeak
Only that which in reaſon is likely to be true,
I am no Infidel, I ſhall believe.

Duke. You are ſo far from being an Infidel
That you are a Saint, at whoſe bleſt ſhrine
I offer up my life and fortunes,
With a truer devotion then ever Lover did.

Clar. I ſee I muſt allow you the Lovers Phraſes,
Which is to call their Miſtreſs Saint, & their affection
Devotion: but to let your Phraſes paſs,
And anſwer the meaning of your proteſtation;
How can I believe that you can love me
Better then any man did ever love his Miſtreſs?
There being ſuch an inequality in our preſent for-
tunes,
When equality doth give birth to more affection,
And thoſe more violent, there being no reſpect
To be a hinderance, I mean both the equalities
Of birth and fortunes, in both which we farre differ,
You being the next akin unto the King,
And I the Daughter to a condemn'd man,
Though now, for your own ends, at liberty.

Duke. If it be lawfull for your devoted ſervant
To contradict you in any thing it is
In the defence of his affection. (ment,
You know that Rivers being ſtopt by an impedi-
As rocks, or bridges, run the more fierce
When they are free from that which did incomber (them,
So might I ſay for my affection,
If I ſhould acknowledge, which yet I will not,
That the conſideration of my greatneſs
Was for a while an Impediment to the current
Of my Love; but, alaſs, thoſe conſiderations
Could never find harbour in that heart
Where love and admiration had already
Taken up their lodging; nor do they in my opinion
Deſerve to be happy, who mixe the conſideration
Of the good of fortune, with their affections.

Clar. My Lord, in this laſt I doe unfainedly belie[ve]
you,
I mean in your opinion, which is, that true love
Cannot be mixt with reſpects; and to ſhew now
How well I believe you, I will make it my ſhield
Both to defend me againſt your worthy affection,
(I confeſs, if your thoughts and words agree)
And againſt my Fathers unjuſt commands.
For ſince you confeſs, that to mixe love with reſpe[ct]
Spoyles the purity of it, and that they
Who ſo mixe it, deſerve not to be happy;
It muſt needs be great injuſtice in you
And my Father, to deſire me to love you
Unworthily; ſince I cannot love you
Without mixing the conſideration
Of the benefits my Father ſhall receive
By my Marriage with your Grace: beſides,
The ſatisfaction of my own ambition
In being a Dutcheſſe, may make any ſtream
Of affection which can proceed from me,

Un

Unfit to mixe with so pure a stream--
As you profess yours is.

Duke. Madam, I cannot deny what you affirme;
Since you ground your argument upon my consent
Opinion; but know, dear Lady, that as you manifest
In this your cruell answer, your disdain of me,
Which will incense my despaire; yet on the
Other side the excellence of your wit
Will increase my desire; for even out of that
Which I brought as an argument to move you
The more to love, you conclude that you are
To neglect, and with a seeming Justice;
Which shews that your wit can bring any thing
To pass, that your will shall employ it in.

Clar. I should account my self happy, were I
So furnished: but, my Lord, I must not look
Upon my self in the flattering glass
Of your praises; for I hate flattery though a woman;
And as I am my self arm'd against flatterie,
So would I have you be; therefore I tell you
That I can never be yours, to arme you against
The flatterie of hope; yet I must tell you
That your deserts, if it were possible
For me to love, might sooner do it then any other,
But as I am a votress to *Diana*, in whose Temple
I do shortly mean to dwell, I am free
From any fire that can be kindled
By desert in Man.

Duke. Though your intention in this cruell answer
May be Charitable, as intending
To allay my heat, by manifesting your boldnesse,
Yet it hath wrought deadly Effects; for it
Forceth me tell you, that I must disobey you:
For rather then I and the rest of the world

W ill lose so great a blessing, there shall not
Be a Temple left standing, that is sacred
To *Diana* within this Kingdome: when this is done,
To make your cruelty admir'd, I'le build
An Altar to Self-love; it is that power you obey,
And not *Diana's*, on which some friend shall lay
My bleeding heart, which now in thought,
And then in act, shall be a reall Sacrifice:
Smile not, nor think this jest,
For by that *Dian* whom you seem to worship
Being your self a greater Deitie,
When you do cruelly perform what
You have rashly said, this heart
Which now seales what my tongue hath spoke,
Shall make the covenant perfect.

Clar. I see this is no way my Lord,
This rash oath you have made, may cost you dear.

Duke. In that consider the greatnesse of my love.

Clar. The greatnesse of your folly rather,
That think by threatning punishments to your self,
To make me pitty you, when, since I do not love you,
I am not toucht with any feeling of your griefs.

Duke. If not for mine, yet for your Goddess sake,
Give over your ill grounded resolution.

Enter Bernardo.

Ber. My Lord the King is newly lighted at the Gar-
And in all haste calls for you. (den-gate,

Duke. Madam the King, to whom my person is a subject,
Commands my presence, and I must obey him:
But my heart which I have made you Soveraign of
Shall stay to wait on you; my return must needs
Be speedy, since I leave my heart at the mercy
Of you my cruell enemy.

Clar. My Lord, I shall so martyr it before you come
That you will repent you. (agen,

Duke.

Duk. You cannot give it deeper wounds
Than you have done already; and in that
Confidence I'le leave you. (Gallery,
Ber. Madam, will it please you walk into the
There are some Pictures wil be worth your seeing. *Ex.*

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter King, Attendants, Iacomo, Duke, and Followers meeting.

Kin. WIll none go call the Duke? Welcome dear couſen:
You loſt a brave chaſe to day; but you had other game
A foot. What ſaies your cruell Miſtreſſe, will ſhe love you?
Duk. I hope ſhe will, Sir, ſhe doth hear me ſpeak.
King. How! hear you ſpeak?
Duke. Of love I mean, Sir.
King. Fie, paſſionate man.
Duke. Why, Sir, do you not think him happy
Whom ſhe will vouchſafe to hear?
King. You know my love hath made you what you are,
Out of an opinion that you deſerv'd it;
Not for that you were my kinſman. I never yet deny'd
What you would ask, relying on your judgment,
And your vertue. Should you have ask'd my ſiſter
For your wife, I ſooner ſhould have given conſent,
And taxt your judgment leſſe, than I do now,
For doting on this Lady. Call back for ſhame then
That judgment which had wont to govern all
Your actions, and make me once more proud,
That I have ſuch a kinſman, whoſe judgment
Can controul his ſtrongeſt paſſions, even Love it ſelf,
When it is prejudiciall to his honour.

Duk. Sir, you have alwaies been a father to me,
And ſtudyed that which hath been for my good,
Better then I could think. I know your Majeſties
Intent in this, is, to perſwade me from that
Which you believe is prejudiciall to me.
But ſince without her love gain'd the fair way
Of ſervice, nor by threatnings, I can take joy
In nothing this world can afford me.
Pardon me, Sir, if I deſire you to ſpare
Your counſell, ſince I am capable of none,
Except you perſwade me to love more. (paſſions:
King. Well, Sir, I will leave you to your amorous
See me no more, til I ſend for you. *Exeunt King, Attend.*
Duk. The King is mov'd;
Should he take from me all that he hath given me,
Yet were it a happineſſe, if for her ſake I loſt it.
Jaco. My noble Lord.
Duk. Friend, what is your ſuit to me?
If it be reaſonable, it ſhall not be deny'd,
For your young Ladies ſake.
Jaco. My Lord, the buſineſſe I have to deliver,
Concerns your Grace.
Duk. How! me? what is it? ſpeak. (*rinda*;
Jaco. My Lord, it is a ſecret, and doth concern *Cla-*
And therefore ſend your people off,
That with more freedom I may ſpeak with you.
Duk. Wait me without. *Exeunt Servants.* Now ſpeak.
Jaco. What thinks your Lordſhip is the cauſe,
That moves *Clarinda* to neglect your love?
Duk. The knowledge of her own worth, and my unworthineſſe:
Which defect I hope in time my faithfull ſervice
Shall make good, and ſhe will love me.
Jaco. Never, my Lord.
Duk. Why, is her vow of chaſtity already paſt?
Jaco. She vow chaſtity!

Duk.

Duk. Why, villain, doſt thou ſmile at that?
Think'ſt thou *Diana's* ſelf is chaſter?
Iaco. Great Sir, miſtake me not. I ſmile to think
How ſhe deceives your Grace, telling you,
She never means to marry, when I dare
Pawn my life, ſhe is already contracted.
Duk. Traitor to my beſt hopes!
Thou haſt kindled in my breaſt a jealous fire,
That wil conſume me; Fiends take thee for thy newes,
Would thou hadſt been born dumb. Betroth'd! it cannot be:
Who durſt preſume, knowing I lov'd her once,
To think of love, much leſſe to name it to her?
Iaco. My Lord, if you will with patience hear me,
I will tell you whom.
Duk. Speak quickly, give me that eaſe:
For I vow, the earth ſhall not long bear us both.
Iaco. I will not tell you, unleſſe you will promiſe
To follow my advice; which if you will,
I will ſhew you a clear way to your deſires.
Duke. What, do you riddle me? is ſhe contracted,
And can I by your counſell attain my wiſhes?
No, the Houſe of fate, though they ſhould all
Take counſell, cannot back reſtore the happineſſe
Th'haſt rob'd me off, in ſaying ſhe's contracted.
Iaco. My Lord, do not thus waſte your ſelf
In fruitleſſe paſſion, but hear the remedy
That I'le propound.
Duk. Firſt let me know which of the gods it is,
That in a mortall ſhape hath gain'd her love,
That thou ſuſpect'ſt ſhe is contracted:
Or elſe ſome King, that in diſguiſe hath left
His Kingdom, to obtain her love,
Who is worth many Kingdoms.
Name not a meaner Rivall, if thou doſt
Expect I ſhould believe.

Iaco.

Jaco. My Lord, it is a man, to whom
Your valorous hand gave life.
Duk. Curſt be my hand then, for that unkind office,
Againſt my heart: Name him.
Iaco. It is the young Lord *Lyſander.*
Duk. Take that ignorant fool, [*Lyſander ſtrikes him*]
Iaco. How! ſtruck! is this my hop'd reward?
By all that's good I'le be revenged.
Duk. I was too raſh.
She is a woman, and may diſſemble, *Lyſander* too
Is noble, courteous, valiant, handſom:
But yet compar'd with me, his fortune's nothing.
Alas, that cannot barre love out of a noble breaſt,
Such as *Clarinda*'s is. What waighs my birth,
Or greatneſſe with the King, in her conſideration?
Lyſanders equall fortunes, and her own,
In that their fathers ſuffer for one cauſe;
His baniſh'd, hers a priſoner (till I releaſt him)
Hath, I fear, begot a mutuall love betwixt them.
Friend, prethee pardon me, I was too raſh;
Ile heale thy hurt with gold.
Iaco. My Lord, I am a Gentle man,
And were you not a Kinſman to the King,
The blow you gave me might have coſt you deare.
Duke. Ile heale thy reputation, and thy head
With ſtore of crownes: here: but prethee tell me,
What mov'd thee to diſcover this to me?
Or how camſt thou thy ſelfe to know of it?
I thinke her Father doth not.
Iaco. I think he doth not, it is long ſince,
Since I ſuſpected it; and to aſſure my ſelfe.
The other night I crept behind the Arbour,
Where they uſe to meet ſomtimes, and ſoon by their
Diſcourſe, I found what I ſuſpected, to be moſt true:
My love unto your Gace made me ſo curious;
For I proteſt there is no man alive,

That's

That's more ambitious to do your Lordſhip ſervice;
It griev'd my ſoul to ſee a man that ſo deſerv'd
So much neglected and abus'd. Some of this is true.
Duke. If thou wilt make thy fortune,
Bring me where unſeen, I may over-hear them.
Iaco. So your grace will not diſcover your ſelfe,
Ile promiſe you once within three nights.
Duke. By mine honour I will not, performe
Thy promiſe, and I will make thee happie.
Iaco. Be ſure you ſhew not
At your returne to them the leaſt diſtemper.
Duke. Feare not that. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarinda, Ltrante, Lyſander, Bernardo.

Clar. Sir, you have ſhew'd us many Pictures;
But above all the reſt, I like that of your Lord's.
Ber. Madam, I know my Lord would thinke himſelf happie
Would you accept the picture; but much happier
If you would take the ſubſtance.
Clar. It may be Sir, I will.
Ltran. Daughter, I charge you on my bleſſing,
When the Duke returnes, to uſe him with reſpect.
Clar. Father, I ſee you have no skil, you do not know
The craft we women uſe to make men love the more;
The ſmalleſt favour I ſhall ſhew him, after this harſh uſage,
Will make him thinke himſelfe in heaven.
Ltran. Before you part, when he comes back,
I pray you urge my reſtoration,
But firſt promiſe to marry him.
Clar. Leave that to my Diſcretion

Enter Duke.

Duk. Gentle Lady, I crave your pardon for my ſtay,
Which was drawne out beyond my expectation.
Lyſ. Me thinkes my Lord looks ſoure upon me.
Clar. My Lord, indeed I wondred how you ſtayd ſo long,

Or

Or rather how you liv'd, your heart & you being par-
For that you left behind you when you went. (ted;
Duk. Madame, I doe confeſſe it is a miracle
Proceeding from your beauty, that I could live
So long wanting a heart; but, truſt me,
If my faithfull ſervice cannot procure me yours,
But that you needs will ſend my owne againe,
The Miracle will then be altered quite;
For now the Miracle conſiſteth in that I live
And yet you have my heart; and then it will
Be a Miracle indeed if I do live after
Your ſcorne ſhall give it back againe.
Clar. My Lord, I ſee it was not bounty
But hope of gaine made you give me your heart;
For you expect that I ſhould give you mine
By way of recompence, which yet I cannot doe:
But, that I may be ſure they are true Miracles
That you are pleas'd to ſay my Beauty worketh,
(For there are many falſ ones here in loves Religion)
Ile take a Moneth for tryall of the truth, (heart;
All which time my charity compels me to keep your
For ſhould I ſend it back, you ſay it would kill you,
Or work another Miracle, which I deſire not.
In that time I ſhall be acquainted with your heart;
If then it doth appeare the ſame it now doth,
Clad in the ſame pure zeal that now it weares,
Ile make a change, and give you mine for it;
For when a Moneth is once paſt, come you
And lead me to the Church, Ile not refuſe to goe.
Du. Slave that I was to truſt that villaine *Iacomo*,
That told me ſhe lov'd *Lyſander*. Deare Lady,
You have in this comfortable anſwer
Reviv'd a dying man: this mercy at the blocke
Shewes you to be divine, and ſo an object
Fit for my affection, which hath beene ſtill
Above my reaſon: but would you in the mean time
Com-

Command me ſomthing, where my faithfull ſervice
Might appeare, more then in words, I then ſhould be
Moſt happie.

Enter Servants with a Banquet and ſtools.

Clar. This offer I expected;
My Lord, you know the iniuries my Father
Hath receiv'd: if you wil ſee him righted,
His Lands and Honors back to him reſtor'd,
Which is but Iuſtice for a bribe (for even iuſt cauſes
Now have need of bribery) Ile give you thankes,
And, truſt me, that is more then great men
Should expect for doing juſtice.

Duke. Rather, if it pleaſe you,
Let it be ſomthing, wherein I ſhall have no other tie
Upon me but only your command, my honor
Ties me to ſee this perform'd.

Clar. This once perform'd,
Since you ſo much deſire it, I will ſtudie
Some Command, that may adde honor to you
In the faire performance.

Utran. Come, my Lord, we will draw neare,
I ſee their parley's at an end.

Duke. Come ſit faire Lady.

Utran: My Lord, what ſayes my Daughter?
Will ſhee yet yeeld to her own happineſſe?

Du. I hope ſhe will at laſt make me a fitter marke
For Envy, in that I am belov'd of her,
Than for my preſent greatneſſe.

Lyſ. My Lord, there is no cauſe of Envy for either,
The greatneſſe of your honors being but the juſt
Reward of your unequal'd merit: and for *Clarinda*,
Tho her worth be great as you can wiſh it; (Love,
Yet you doe well deſerve her, both for your worthy
And for the many favors you have done her Father.

Utr. My Lord, believe me, he hath ſpoke my thoughts.

Du. Now when the King ſent for me, I had prevented
Your

Your Daughter in a command that ſhe layd upon me
Concerning your reſtoring to your Lands,
But that the King was angry at ſomething that I ſaid.
Lyſ. I thought it had beene Impoſſible,
He could have beene offended with your Grace.
Duk. 'Tis true, at other times he could not,
But the Lords told me that his Siſter
Faire *Cleonarda*, had receiv'd a hurt,
By reſcuing of the hounds from the Stags fury,
When he ſtood at bay, and that made him, it may be,
So apt for to be angry.
Lyſ. Why did they ſuffer her ſo to endanger her ſelf
Du. My Lord, ſhe apprehends not danger,
Which you'l confeſſe your ſelfe, when you have heard
Me tell, what I have ſeene her doe.
Lyſ. This act to me my Lord, is a ſufficient teſtimony
That ſhe doth not feare; for by the lawes of hunting
It is not to any man thought a diſparagement,
To give way to a *Stagge*, his head being hard.
Du. She is a Lady of that noble Spirit,
That ſhe wants nothing but the perſon of a Man
To be one, her heart being equall
To the moſt valiant: with theſe eyes I ſaw her,
(The King her brother being in the Forreſt)
Breake from the company, and purſue a wolfe,
Which the hounds, following of a Stagge,
Did bring out of a thicket, and being well horſt,
She ply'd him with ſo many wounding ſhafts,
That he at length was forc'd to ſtay his courſe,
And ſeing there was no way to eſcape by flight,
He turn'd, for to revenge the wounds he had
Receiv'd, in which he ſhew'd himſelfe a beaſt indeed
And led by brutiſh fury; for had he been
Indu'd with reaſon, hee'd have tane the wounds
She gave, for favours, and kiſt the inſtrument,
That honour'd him with death from her fair hand.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. My Lord, 'tis ſtrange a woman ſhould do this,
Du. I was the near'ſt, but ere I could come in
She had cut off his head, the ſervice
That I could do her, was to carry to the King
Her brother, that Trophee of her Victory,
Whilſt ſhe followed the hounds, and ſo fled
From the hearing of her owne juſt praiſes,
Which all by admiration did beſtow upon her.
Utran. But that your Grace doth tell it,
I ſhould not thinke a woman could doe this. (lous,
Clar. My Lord, did I love you ſo well as to be jea-
Theſe praiſes of the Princeſſe, were apt food
For it to feed on.
Duke. Madame, I honour her as the beloved Siſter
Of my Soveraigne; but adore you as my Goddeſſe,
At whoſe bleſt ſhrine, I offer up my life and fortunes.
Clar. My Lord, I ſhould accompt it as the moſt ac-
ceptable (hands
Service that you could doe, to bring me to kiſſe the
Of this much to be admir'd Lady. (King,
Duke. Madam, once every week She comes to ſee the
And the King every time he hunts, failes not
To ſee her; when next ſhe comes to the Court,
I will wait upon you to her.
Clar. What is the reaſon
She lives not with her brother at the Court,
Since he ſo dearly loves her, as they ſay?
Du. It's certaine no Brother loves a ſiſter better,
For there is no Brother hath a ſiſter ſo worthy,
You having never a Brother.
Clar. My Lord, 'tis late;
And though heretofore the company of a Father
Were a ſufficient buckler to beare off ſlander's darts;
Yet now the world is changed, growne ſo vicious,
That Fathers are become the likelieſt Inſtruments
Of ſin, and women are not to ſatisfie themſelves

Alone, with being good; but they muſt give the world
A firme beliefe of all their actions,
That they are ſo; there may be ſome, ſeeing me here
Thus late, that will not ſticke to ſay, my honour
Is the bribe paid for my Fathers reſtoration. (fooliſh
Du. Though there were found one envious woman,
And wicked to report it; (for both theſe ſhe muſt be)
There could not ſure be found another Fiend
Of the ſame ſtamp, that would believe it;
I dare not, though I wiſh it, bid you ſtay longer:
I will wait upon you to your Coach.
Clar. My Lord, it ſhall not need.
Utran. My Lord, I hope it will not be long
Before this ceremony of parting will be quite loſt,
And that you will not be ſo farre aſunder.
Duke. In hope of that bleſt hour I live. (neſſe.
Clar. Do not too ſtrongly apprehend your happi-
A month's a long time, all things are uncertaine,
Eſpecially the promiſes of women. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iacomo. (ſpirits,

Iaco. Fortune, I ſee thou art a friend to working
Thou wouldſt not elſe have given me this occaſion
So ſoon to compaſſe my ends by; I over-heard *Clarinda*,
When ſhe intreated *Lyſander* to meet her in the
Accuſtom'd place, and thither will I bring the Duke.
He from *Clarinda's* promiſe of Marriage,
Is now growne ſomething doubtfull, whether that
Which I did tell him be true or no; but now his own eare
Shall be his witneſs; for which ſervice he cannot chooſe
But both love and reward me.
But I loſe precious time, which wiſe men ever
Conſider of, but fools ſeldome or never. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Clarinda, and Lyſander, (as in an Arbour) in the night.

Lyſ. Had you not ſent me word, I had not come to night,
It is ſo dark.

Clar. It is dark indeed, the fitter for one orechar-ged
With griefe in heart as I am.

Lyſ. Why deare *Clarinda*, are you not reſolv'd
To marry with the Duke?

Clar. I ſee *Lyſander* you do not love me now,
Nor wiſh my happineſſe, you would not elſe
Perſwade me from loving you, wherein it only
Can conſiſt.

Lyſ. Will you ſtill, for the aiery name of Conſtant,
Rob your ſelfe of a ſubſtantiall happineſſe?
Beſides, think what duty bids you: do it
In reſpect of your Father; if you do it not,
He muſt needs fall into the Kings diſpleaſure,
The Duke being his Kinſman, to what happineſſe
Could you injoy? Will you be rul'd by me,
And Ile ſhew you a direct way to happineſſe;
Do you love me as you profeſſe?

Enter Duke and Iacomo.

Clar. You know I love you more
Than I have words to utter. (me

Lyſ. Yet you would never give conſent to marry
Though it were ſtill my Suite, alleadging
That our fortunes were too mean; and had we,
Without Marriage, injoy'd the ſweets of love,
It had been dangerous unto your honour,
Should you have prov'd with child; but will be now
Secure in that reſpect, if you marry with the Duke.
And for our difficulty in meeting,
'Twill adde to our delights; now every time
That we ſhall meet in ſecret, will farre paſſe
A wedding-night in joy: ſtolne pleaſures give
An appetite, ſecure delights but cloy.

Duke. O my vext ſoul!
Muſt I then hear a villain ſpeak thus to her
I love, and not revenge it preſently?
Jaco. My Lord, remember your Oath.
Clar. Lyſander, why d'ye ſtare ſo and look pale?
Your hair ſtands up an end, as if your ſenſe
Began to fail you; ſure you are faln mad,
Nay, I do hope you are ſo: for if you be not
I am more miſerable then if you were:
For, can *Lyſander* be himſelf, and ſpeak thus
To his *Clarinda?* No, he cannot: either *Lyſander*
Is chang'd from what he was; or elſe he never
Was what I eſteem'd him, either of which
Makes me moſt miſerable.
Lyſ. You would ſeem to think me mad, when indeed
Your ſelf are ſo, you would not elſe thus weep
When I adviſe you to that which will be moſt to our content,
Clar. Pardon me *Lyſander*, that I have ſeemed
For to believe; for ſure I did no more, than
That which you have ſpoke proceeded from your heart.
Lyſan. Why, doe you thinke that I diſſembled in what I ſaid?
Clar. Yes, *Lyſander*; I know you did diſſemble;
For if you did not, you were a loathed villain.
Lyſ. I do confeſs if I were that *Lyſander*
Which I have ſeem'd to be; it were impoſſible
For me to think what I have ſpoke; but know,
Clarinda, though hitherto I have ſeem'd
To carry in my breſt a flame ſo pure,
That never yet a ſparke of Luſt appear'd,
It hath been a diſſembled ſhew of modeſty,
Only to cozen you; and if, *Clarinda*,
The requitall of my affection be that which

Hinders

Hinders you from theſe great honours, be not deceiv'd,
For you ſhall have more power then to requite it,
When you are greater :we are now equall ;
But when you are a Dutcheſſe, then t' enjoy you
Will be a double pleaſure,then you ſhall have
Occaſion to expreſs your love in my advancement

Duke. Ile kill him inſtantly.

Jaco. Your oath my Lord.

Duke. The merit of the act being ſo juſt,
Will expiate the ſinne of perjury.

Jaco. My Lord,

Duke. VVhat, ſhall I hear her whom I have ador'd
Almoſt with as much zeal as I have offer'd up
My prayers to the Gods,tempted to acts of Luſt
And not revenge it ?

Jaco. My Lord,hear me but ſpeak,and then do what you will : if you ſhould thus in the night, and in the houſe of the Count *Utrante* kill Lord *Lyſander*, your honour, *Clarinda's*, and her fathers, would be tainted, and ſo breed ſtrange combuſtions : but if you be reſolv'd that he muſt dye,which in my judgment is moſt neceſſary,if you ſtill love *Clarinda*, I will undertake for to diſpatch him by ſome meanes or other ; but ſhould you now here in *Clarinda's* preſence kill him ſhe loves, her mind is ſo noble ſhe would never indure you.

Duke. This is a Villain,an incarnate Divell ;
Yet will I follow ſome part of his Counſell :
Lead me the way back unſeen. Ile ſtay no longer ;
For if I hear him ſpeak again in that baſe Key,
I ſhall do that which I hereafter may repent.
No,ile take the nobleſt way to my revengement. *Exit.*

Lyſ. Clarinda, you have long been ſilent,
VVhat is it you conſider of ; if it be my words,
You muſt needs find them full of reaſon.

Clar.

Clar. Ile ſeem as baſe as he would have me,
And ſo find out whether he ſpeaks this from
His heart or no.

Clar. I muſt confeſs that this which you have ſpoken
Stands with good reaſon; and reaſon is the rule
By which we ought to ſquare our actions:
Dare I believe that you would counſell me
To any thing, but that which will be moſt
For my content, and for the Duke? will it not be
Far leſſe to his content, not to enjoy at all
Me whom he loves, then if he ſhould poſſeſs me,
And yet you have a ſhare with him in my embracings?
For what is that husband worſe, whoſe wife abuſes him,
If ſhe have but the witt to keep it from his knowledge? (all

Lyſ. It is true the Duke is ſo noble, and doth with-
So truly love you, that it will quite baniſh
All baſe diſtruſt, ſo that we might with all ſecuriry
Injoy our loves.

Clar. Leave, leave.

Lyſ. Or if he ſhould find out our craft,
How ſoon might we diſpatch him by poyſon?
There have been ſuch things done.

Clar. You do over-act your part,
I ſee the end you ayme at, your vertue ſhews it ſelf
Quite through that Maske of vice, which love to me,
And to my Father made you put on; you thought
If you could have given me a beliefe
Of your unworthineſſe, that then I would have given
Conſent to have married with the Duke:
Leave your diſſembling then, ſince y' are diſcover'd,
Leſt you offend the Gods; I only ſeem'd
To give applauſe to what you ſaid, to find
Your craft.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. I ſee my heart lies open to you,
You have ſpoken my very thoughts, indeed
This was my end.

Clar. *Lyſander*, I perceive that your affection
Is altogether govern'd by your reaſon,
For which if it be poſſible, I love you more,
Becauſe it well becomes a man to do ſo:
But I ſhould hate my ſelf, if I ſhould love
According to your rule, which I will manifeſt;
For here I take the heavens to witneſs,
That if within three dayes you do not marry me,
Ile kill my ſelf, ſpeak quicklie; for if you do not
Love me, it is a greater mercy to tell me ſo,
(That I may dye) then to perſwade me
To love another; that being impoſſible,
But death is eaſie.

Lyſ. *Clarinda*, you have overcome by this raſh oath
My reſolution; for I perceive the fates
Had fore-ordain'd we ſhould enjoy each other,
After ſuch reall teſtimonies, to make our love the firmer.
I do with joy embrace what you compel
Me to by your raſh oath; and if your Father
Willfullie will ſtay, and not flie with us,
Rather then I will ever draw tears
From thoſe bright eyes. (*unt.*
I ſo dearlie love, wee'l leave him to the danger. *Exe-*

Enter the Duke with two Letters.

Duke. Shall I ſtill love one that neglects my faithfull ſervice?
A lacke I cannot help it now, I yielded up
My heart at the firſt ſummons, her fair eyes made,
Methoughts it was a kind of treaſon, once
To doubt that ſhe was not the ſoveraign of all hearts;
Thus ſhe that came to Court, to begge her Fathers libertie,
Had not that granted onelie, but that I who begg'd

It

It for her, became my ſelf her priſoner,
And never man was prouder of his bondage
Then I was: what though ſhe love a villain
VVhoſe intemperate luſt, and baſe diſſembling,
Rather deſerves her hate; yet ſhe is fair
And vertuous ſtill, it is my part to let her
See her error, though with the danger of my life,
If I ſurvive the combat, and that ſhe know
For what reſpect I fought, ſhe cannot chooſe
But love me: and if the heavens have ſo ordained,
That I muſt fall under *Lyſanders* ſword,
Yet I have written that, which ſhall give a better
Teſtimonie that I did love her more then he.
VVho waites there?

Enter Franciſco and Bernardo.

Fran. My Lord.

Duke. I mean to ride abroad this morning,
And if I come not back at night, carry this Letter
To the King; *Bernardo*, carry this preſently
Unto the Young Lord *Lyſander*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jacomo.

Jaco. My plots are daſht, the Duke doth turn his eyes upon me as though he would look me dead, I ſhal gain hate on all ſides, if I be not wary and cunningly diſſemble. Revenge and profit are the ends I aime at; ſince I have miſt the one, Ile make the other ſure. *Lyſander*, I do hate thee for comming into the world to rob me of my Land; yet I do think thou art not onely falſe; my brother did tricks, which when I would have proved in open Court, the Dukes power boulſtred up againſt me; but I do hope I ſhall be now reveng'd upon them both. Ile poyſon the Duke my ſelf, and to the King accuſe *Lyſander*, as if he had done it, fearing that the Duke ſhould rob him of his Miſtreſs: I have a ſervant ſhall ſwear what I would have him, I keep him for the purpoſe; ſince the Duke would not

give

give me leave to uſe my drugges for him, he ſhall himſelf taſte of them; leſt for that kindneſs I offer'd him, I ſhould my ſelf be puniſh'd:
He that to honour looks is not for my black ends,
Revenge and profit Ile purſue through bloud of foes and friends.

Enter Lyſander and Bernardo.

Lyſ. Where is the Duke Sir?

Ber. He is this morning ridden forth,
VVhither I do not know.

Lyſ. Your Letter Sir, do's not require an anſwer,
It will not be long before I ſee his Grace my ſelf,

Ber. Good morrow to your Lordſhip.

Lyſ. Good morrow Sir. Ile read them once more over,

He reads.

Though the ſmall number of Lines ſeem not to require it, Lyſander; *I waite for you at the great Elme within the Forreſt: make haſte, and to prevent danger, come arm'd.*

Few words, but I believe a Prologue to much miſchief.
I fear that my affection and *Clarinda's*
Is to the Duke diſcover'd; and now diſdain
And anger to be out-rival'd, boyle within his breſt.
If it be ſo, he takes the nobleſt way,
To uſe no other force but his own arme:
But how ſhall I imploy my Sword to take
His life that gave me mine, my conſcience tels me,
Though it be not apparant to the world,
That I am even with him; for that ſince I to him
VVould have given up my intereſt in *Clarinda*,
VVould ſhe have given conſent. It may be
I am deceiv'd in this my apprehenſion,
And that it is in love he ſends for me;
If it be ſo, I ſhall be glad; if not however
I will meet him according to his deſire;
But firſt, Ile write a Letter to *Clarinda*,

It

It may be I ſhall never ſee her more;
If I come not home to night, carry a Letter
You ſhall find within upon the Table to *Clarinda*:
Honour! thou tieſt us men to ſtrange conditions;
For rather then wee'l loſe the ſmalleſt part of thee,
VVe on an eeven lay venture Souls and Bodies,
For ſo they do that enter ſingle combats. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleonarda, and Mariana.

Cleo. It is hot *Mariana*; wee'l reſt our ſelves awhile,
And when the day growes cooler have another courſe,
Mar. I wonder how the Deer eſcaped; the follow-(Dog
Once pinch'd him.
Cleo. It was the buſhes ſav'd him.
Mar. Why will you courſe among the buſhes?
Gerard the Keeper, would have brought you
To a fairer courſe; but you will never let
Him go along.
Cleo. I hate to have a tutor in my ſport,
I will find and kill my Game my ſelf;
What ſatisfaction is't to me if by another's skill
I purchaſe any thing?
Mar. Yet you muſt have (ther
Your husband choſen to your hand; the King your bro-
Will take that pains for you.
Cleo. He ſhall have leave to name me one;
But if I do not think him worthy of me,
Ile break that Kingly cuſtome, of marrying
For the good of the State; ſince it makes Princes
More miſerable then Beggers; for Beggers marry
Only thoſe they love.
Mar. Madam, it's true, we not alone in Princes
See the bitter Effects of ſuch forc'd Marriages;
But even in private Families, Murders and
Adulteries do often wait upon thoſe Couples

Whoſe

Whoſe bodies are compel'd by parents or friends
To joyne for worldly reſpects, without the ſoul's
conſent.
Cleo. 'Tis true, *Mariana*; How many careful parents,
That love their children dearly, thinking
To make them happy, by marrying of them richly,
Make them miſerable, both here, & in the other world.
Mari. Madam, 'tis very hot, will you go bathe your-
In the River? (ſelf
Cleo. With all my heart, *Mariana*;
It will refreſh us well againſt the Evening;
I am reſolv'd to kill a Deere to night
Without the Keeper's help. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Lyſander.

Lyſ. I hope your Grace hath not long ſtayd for me
Duk. No, *Lyſander*, you are come before
My expectation, though not before my wiſh:
You cannot gueſſe the cauſe that I ſent for you.
Lyſ. My Lord, I cannot;
Unleſſe fortune be ſo favorable to give me
A faire and iuſt occaſion by being your Second,
To hazzard that life for you, which by your valour
Was preſerved; but why to hope ſo great a bleſſing
I cannot ſee; ſince who within this Kingdome
Dare iniure you? Yet you commanded,
That I ſhould come arm'd.
Du. For being my Second, baniſh that thought,
And yet I meane to fight to day, and for an iniury
That is done to me; and you *Lyſander* ſhal fight too,
Not as a Second, but a Principall.
Lyſ. With whom?
Duk. With me *Lyſander.*
Lyſ. With you my Lord, upon what quarrell?
Duk. I will maintaine that I do love *Clarinda*
Better then you, and better do deſerve
To be beloved by her.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. My, Lord I doe confeſſe it,
And ſo this cannot be a cauſe of quarrell;
She is your Miſtriſs, and deſerves to be ſo,
There being no other worthy of your Service;
But for my part, I have no intereſt in her
More then a freind. Why ſhould your grace thinke
I love her then ſo well, to make my love
To her, the quarrell?
Duke, Lyſander, I did not thinke
Th'adſt beene ſo baſe to have deny'd thy Miſtris:
But I will further maintain, thou art thy ſelfe
A Villain, a baſe diſſembling luſtfull one.
Lyſ. Had theſe words,
(Which wound you deeper far then they do me.
Since they are ſcandalours) come from another,
My ſword ſhould firſt have anſwered, not my tongue;
But ſince you are one to whom I owe my life,
Ile keepe another method: Firſt, Ile let you ſee
The wrong you doe me, which if you ſhall not
Straight acknowledge, our ſwords ſhall then decide
Whether this title be my due or no.
And leſt you may condemne me for an enemy,
As thinking me your debtor, Ile let you ſee
That you, my Lord, are as much bound to me,
As I to you, though you did ſave my life.
Duk. Lyſander, doe not thinke,
You owe me any thing for ſaving of your life,
The thanks, if any, was due to Fortune,
Who brought me thither; for what I did
A peaſant might have done, you being your ſelfe
Almoſt a Conqueror before I came,
Though ſure enough for want of blood to periſh,
Had I not brought you home, which yet indeed,
Was but my duty to helpe a wounded man:
But how *Lyſander*, I ſhould ſtand ingag'd to you
For greater obligations, (though this, I grant,

Be

Be ſmall) I cannot ſee.
Lyſ. Though you ſhould amplifie, as you diminiſh
What you did for me; yet 'twould never equall
The pulling out of my heart out of my breſt,
For to give you content.
Duke. I cannot underſtand your Riddle:
Yet feare it tends to baſe ſubmiſſion.
Lyſ. Duke, be not deceiv'd, for after the diſcovery
Of that ſecret which I will tell you.
Ile give you an aſſurance with my ſword,
I doe not feare.
Duke. What ſecret is this?
Lyſ. I did but now deny that I did love *Clarinda*,
But now I call the heavens to witneſſe
Who muſt aſſiſt me in ſo juſt a quarrell,
That I do love her equall with my life;
And now I will maintain, that I deſerve
To be better belov'd by her then you.
Duk. Come then, may the trueſt Lover
Prove the Victor.
Lyſ. Firſt let me ſhew you.
How I acquit the obligation, I ought you,
Clarinda loves me more then I can her, yet though
She thus loves me, I out of my gratefullneſſe to you,
Uſed the beſt part of my eloquence,
To perſwade her to marry you; and is not this
A ſecret, and a diſcharging of the debt I ow'd you?
Du. Theſe ears indeed can witneſs thou didſt perſwade her
To marrie me, but it was to ſatisfie
Thy own baſe ends, thy luſt, and thy ambition;
Not out of thy gratitude to me as thou pretend'ſt.
Lyſ. My luſt; the veſtall Virgins that keep in the holy fire,
Have not more cold deſires then I have.
Duke. I in her Fathers Garden late laſt night,

Over-

Overheard thee tempt that bright Angell
Which my ſoul adores, to acts of luſt;
And with ſuch moving reaſons, that fleſh and blood
Could never have reſiſted, conſidering
That ſhe lov'd thee; but that there was a power
That governes above reaſon, garded her
From thy ſtrong temptation.

Lyſ. My Lord, that curioſity hath undone you,
For I do call the heavens to witneſſe,
That what I then ſpake, when I ſeemed vicious,
Was all diſſembled; intending you the fruit
Of that diſſimulation: for when I once
Have made my ſelfe a Peere unworthy,
I thought that ſhe would then have turn'd
The ſtreame of her affection upon you.

Du. Can this be true?
Sure feare makes him invent this; no ſure,
He cannot bee a Coward. *Lyſander*,
Thou haſt told me that, if it be true,
Doth render thee a perfect man; but not
A perfect lover: and truſt me if there were
A poſſibility that I could live without *Clarinda*,
I ſhould be freinds with thee; but ſince ſhe
Is the marke at which we both ayme, the one muſt
By the bloud of the other, purchaſe that happines:
And therefore gard your ſelfe. *They fight.*

Lyſ. My Lord, the iniuſtice of your cauſe,
Not Fortune hath diſarm'd you, and therefore yeeld.

Duke. If fear of death could make me
Forget *Clarinda*, wear the Victor's prize
Then I perchance might yeeld; but ſince it cannot,
Make uſe of your advantage.

Lyſ. I ſcorne to gaine a victory ſo poorely,
But to this man that ſav'd my life.

Du. You are a noble enemy, and have ſo won
Upon me by your courteſie, that could you

Quit

Quit your interest in *Clarinda*, I should with ioy
Share fortunes with you.
Lys. VVe lose time; for since we cannot both
Enioy *Clarinda*, both must not live. *Lys falls.*
Du. Fortune, I thank thee!
Now I am even with you, rise.
Lys. I owe you for my life; we were but quit before;
I would our quarrell were of another nature.
Duke. I would it were; but as it is
One of us must lye cold upon this grasse,
Before we part. *Fight. Duke falls.*
Lys. Ah poore *Clarinda*, this is too sad a witnesse
Of thy perfections; would thou wert here yet,
That I might take my last farewell.
Enter Cleonarda and Mariana
Mar. O dear Madame, what a sad object's this!
Cleo. Bee not afraid,
See if the breath have quite forsaken that body.
Lys. O my best love *Clarinda*,
Receive from my dying lips, a dying kisse.
Cleo, How's this! (body,
Mari. Madam, the breath hath quite forsaken this
As I think. O my dear brother! (much to see?
Cleo. Is it *Lysander* then, whom I have long'd so
I saw him not since he came home from travail;
And much it grieves me, that I see him thus:
This is the second time that I have seen him
Besmear'd in blood.
Mari. Dear Brother speak, who hath hurt you?
Lys. Dear Sister,
What blest Angel hath brought you hither?
Cleo. This is no fit time for questions, *Mariana*:
Let's help him to the Lodge, before his losse of blood
O'recome his spirits.
Lys. Fair and courteous Lady, pardon me,
My sight did fail through my excessive bleeding,

Which

Which made me to miſtake.

Mari. Brother, it is the Princeſſe.

Lyſ. O Madam, lead me no further then,
For you will curſe your charity, if you preſerve me.

Cleo. Why, Sir?

Lyſ. Becauſe I have by this unlucky hand,
Rob'd you of ſuch a kinſman, as our Soveraigne,
And yourſelf were juſtly proud of.

Cleo. Who is that?

Lyſ. The Duke, who lies there as you ſee.

Cleo. It cannot be.

Lyſ. Madame, it is too true.

Cleo. Alas my Cozen!
Sir, you have an unlucky hand indeed;
For you have this day murdered two;
Iuſtice will at your hands require his blood

Mar. O Madame ſay not ſo, had you but ev'n now
So great a care to ſave his life, and are you now
So cruell to ſay that he muſt periſh by the hand
Of Iuſtice, though he ſhould ſcape theſe wounds,
Would not the Duke have kild him if he could?
Ile pawn my life upon't my Brother kild him fairly.

Cleo. What ſhall I doe, if I helpe to preſerve him
That kild my Kinſman, it is unnaturall in me,
And I beſides may loſe my brothers good opinion;
And ſhould I be the cauſe that *Maſiana's* brother periſh,
I ſhall loſe her for ever; either ſhee'l dye for griefe,
Or elſe ſhee'l hate me. Ile doe as I did firſt intend,
My conſcience tels me it is the nobler courſe;
Beſides, there is ſomthing, I know not what it is,
Bids me preſerve *Lyſander*, the great deſire I had
To ſee him, bred from the generall commendations which
The world beſtowes upon him, imported ſomthing.

Mari. Deare Brother what was your quarrell?

Cleo.

Cleo. Come Sir, be of good comfort, neither your wounds
Nor the cold hand of Juſtice, if it be
Within my power to helpe it, ſhall rob
Your loving ſiſter of you, ſhe is by me
So well belov'd.

Mar. I want words to expreſſe how much I love
And honour you:

Lyſ. Madame I would not have you goe about
To preſerve me with your owne danger,
I meane the Kings diſpleaſure; beſides, I feare
Your labour will be fruitleſſe; for if the Lodge
Be not hard by, ſure I ſhall bleed to death,
Before we can come thither.

Cleo. It is but hard by.

Lyſ. Then I may live to doe you ſervice,
Rather let me periſh before I trouble you.

Cleo. You are her Brother, and cannot trouble me,
VVee'l lay the body behind yon buſh, untill we
Send for it. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Cleonarda and Gerard.

Cleo. Can you not find the Dukes body,
Say you, *Gerard?*

Ger. No where Madam can I find it,
And yet I have ſought it round about the place
Where you appointed me; I found the bloudy plot
Where it had been, his horſe I found too
Tied faſt to a tree.

Cleo. It is ſtrange, what can become of it, *Gerard?*
Upon your life keep ſecret what you know,
And ſee that none come neere the Lodge,

I will ſend you all proviſion neceſſary,
Pretending that *Mariana* is ſick.
Ger. Madam, I feare ſhe will be ſo indeed,
She doth ſo apprehend her Brother's danger. (tall;
Cleo. She hath no cauſe, no wounds of his are mor-
Or if they were, I have applyed ſuch ſoveraigne reme-
dies geon?
That they ſhall cure 'em: but who ſhall be my Sur-
Love, I muſt flye to thee I feare for remedy,
I pray thee go back, and ſee that all things be well,
And in the morning bring me word how ſhe hath
Slept to night.
Ger. Madam, there ſhall be nothing wanting
That lyeth within my power. *Exit.*
Cleo. How carefull am I
Of his wounds? me thinks I would not
Have him dye for all the world: fie *Cleonarda*,
Taken at the firſt ſight with outward beauty,
Not being aſſur'd firſt of the inward worth!
I wrong my ſelfe, and him: It was
The inward bravery of his mind, which all
The Kingdome doth admire, that turn'd my heart,
Which untill now hath been like adamant
To Kings, to melting Ice to him; and not his
Outward beauty, that never could have found
A paſſage to my heart, but that the way
Was chalked out to it by his Fame: but ſtay,
Whither do my vaine imaginations carry me?
Though *Lyſander* could in worth equall the Gods,
Yet it were not fit for me to love him as a husband;
He is my Brothers Subject, ſhall he be my Maſter?
No. To my old ſports agen: to morrow
I will be up by break of day,
And Reaſon (as I chaſe the Stagge)
Shall chaſe theſe thoughts away. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter King, Bernardo, Iacomo, Attendants.

King. When rode your Lord abroad?

Ber. Early this morning.

King. How chance, you then did not sooner
Bring me this Letter?

Ber. I was commanded otherwayes by him.

King reads.

Royall Sir, adde to the number of your many favours, the performance of this my last request:

What doth he meane by this?

I pray you see Clarinda (*who is my wife*) *possest of what was mine, and withall, pardon him that kills me; for I will compell him to fight.* How's this? *Begin not after my death to deny me that which is just, since in my life time you never did. See the will of the dead effected, as you desire to have your Testament perform'd after your death, which I pray the Gods that it may be yet, after a long life.*

O what a Character is here deliver'd, of a pure mind,
Which only seems to shew the greatness of my losse
The plainer: his death is not yet certain,
Let me not like a woman spend that time
In fruitlesse lamentations which may perchance
Afford a remedy; but now it is night:
What shall I do? call all the Court, and let them all
Disperse themselves, each man a severall way;
He that brings word the Duke is alive,
Shall have a thousand pounds: he is gone to fight
A Combat, with whom I know not; but he that
Apprehends the man that kild him, shal have his land.
Is there none here that knowes of any falling out
Between him and some other Lord? speak,
Is there none can tell me?

Iaco. And if it please your Majesty, I think
I have a guesse.

King. Speak then.

Iaco. If he be gone to fight, it is with

Young *Lyſander*.

King. Let one go look for *Lyſander*, preſently.
What grudge was betwixt them? or, tell they lately
out?

Iaco. I will tell your Majeſty in private. I am a ſervant to the Count *Itrante*, and was imploy'd by that moſt noble Duke, (whom I do fear ſleepes now in death) for to ſolicite his true love to my young Lady, which I did faithfully performe: but I found all I did was vaine, for ſhe long time hath been in love with young *Lyſander*, which when I knew, I gave the Duke ſtraight notice. This hath ſo farre incenſt the Duke againſt *Lyſander*, that they are gone to fight.

King. This that thou haſt told is certainly true,
Elſe ſhe would never have deny'd to have married
With the Duke, and for thy love and faithfull ſervice
to him,
Who I believe is now no more; (for elſe by this time,
He would have return'd) I will requite thee.

Iaco. He was the nobleſt Gentleman
That I ſhall ever know. *He weepes.*

King. Alas good man, he weepes.
He that can bring me word the Duke is alive,
Redeemes his King from miſery. *Exeunt. manet Iaco.*

Iaco. I hope he never ſhall come back alive, he knowes, I am a villaine, I was too forward in my offers to him, till I had tried his diſpoſitions better. It is kindly done of him and of *Lyſander* yet to ſpare my paines: there now wants nothing of my wiſh but that the Duke be kild, and I to find out where *Lyſander* is, then I ſhall be reveng'd upon them both, and be poſſeſt of that which is my due, (*Lyſanders* land) for ſo the King hath promis'd. My way to find *Lyſander* if he hath kild the Duke, is for to give *Clarinda* a firme beliefe that I do dearly love him; for ſure, if he be living, ſhe ſhall heare of him, and if I find him, I have another

villany

villany in my head, which I will put in act, beſides my giving notice of him to the King.
My villany ſhall Vertue be in ſhow,
For all ſhall think me honeſt *Iacomo.* *Exit.*

Enter Clarinda with a Letter.

Clar. reades. *I feare the Duke hath notice of our loves; for he hath ſent to me to meet him armed, I feare it is to fight, if it be ſo, and I ſurvive the Combate, I will ſend you word where I abide. If I be kild, I do conjure you by your vertues, not to be ungratefull unto the Duke, who you ſee doth not deſire to live, without he may enjoy you for his wife.*
No my *Lyſander*, in that hour when I ſhall hear
That thy faire ſoul is parted from thy body,
I will quickly follow thee.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the King is at the gate, and in a rage,
Threatens your Fathers death and yours: they ſay *Lyſander*
Hath kild the Duke.
Clar. I fear'd as much,
This comes of my diſſembling.

Enter King, Utrante, and Attendants.

Utran. Why is your Majeſty offended with your Vaſſall,
Who as yet never ſo much as in a thought offended you? (*Clarinda?*
King. Where is that Inchantreſſe, which you call
Clar. Here Sir, is the unhappy object of your anger.
King. I am amaz'd, I never till now ſaw true beauty.
Why kneel you Lady?
Clar. It is my duty Sir, you are my Soveraigne.
King. Riſe, fair Creature: Came I to chide, and do I kiſſe?
This is the force of Beauty; who lives
That can be offended with ſo ſweet a Creature?
I cannot now blame the Duke, for valuing

Her ſo much. I would ſhe were the daughter
Of ſome neighbouring King, that I without
Diſparagement might love her; but I forget
My ſelf, theſe are poor humble thoughts,
And far beneath the Majeſty of a King.
Lady, I came to chide: I fear you are the cauſe
That I have loſt a Kinſman, a worthy one
In all the Worlds opinion, excepting yours.

Clar. Sir, pardon me; you were your ſelf the cauſe
By your exceſſive love to him; for that made me
Diſſemble my affections to *Lyſander*,
Fearing to draw your frowns upon my Father,
Should I have ſhew'd neglect unto the Duke.

King. Who ever was the cauſe, you ſhall not feel
The puniſhment; the Duke did truly love you,
Lady, which you ſhall ſee here in this Letter
Apparantly: may you ſee your error,
And grieve to death for your paſt folly,
In refuſing the quinteſſence of Mankind:
Read it not now, you ſhall have time to grieve in,
He ſhews there in his Letter, that you are his wife,
That by that meanes I might be drawn the ſooner,
To performe his will, which is, that you ſhould
Be poſſeſt of that which was his; and ſo you ſhal,
If hee be dead.

Clar. Sir, I do utterly refuſe it, all that I deſire,
Is that your Majeſty will give me leave
To depart; my griefs do ſo oppreſs me,
That I am ſick at heart.

King. When you pleaſe, Lady. *Exit. Cla.*
My Lord how chanc'd it that you never told me
That your daughter lov'd *Lyſander*?

Utran. Sir, let me periſh if I knew it,
I am amaz'd to hear it now. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lyſander and Mariana.

Lyſ. But Siſter, can you think it poſſible,

The

The Princeſſe ſhould thus love me?

Mar. Brother, I know you ſee it your ſelf,
Though you will not take notice of it.

Lyſ. Believe me, *Mariana*, it doth grieve me much
So great a Princeſs ſhould be ſo unhappy
To love a man whoſe heart is not his own;
For he that had a heart at his diſpoſing
Could not deny to give it her. (Miſtriſs,

Mar. When ſhe ſhall know you have another
She will call back her judgment, and quickly
Free her ſelf: but brother, I do fear
You love her too; you look and ſpeak to her
With more affection then well becomes your faith,
Being promis'd to *Clarinda*.

Lyſ. What would you have me to do?
Shall I not back return thoſe courteous looks,
That ſhe the ſavet of my life beſtows upon me?
One knocks without.

Mar. Ile ſee who it is. *Exit.*

Enter Cleonarda.

Cleo. How hath your brother ſlept to night;

Mar. Exceeding well, Madam.
Brother, here is the Princeſs.

Cleo. Lyſander, how do your wounds?
Is your pain leſſen'd?

Lyſ. Madam, I have no pain
But that I fear I never ſhall be able to requite
This undeſerved favour.

Cleo. Let not that trouble you; it is to me
You owe the debt, and I will find ſome way
To pay my ſelf, that ſhall not make you poorer.

Lyſ. What ſhall I ſay, each vertuous deed
Rewards it ſelf, and that's the coyn with which
You muſt be paid, or elſe you will be a loſer.

Cleo. Tell me, *Lyſander*, and tell me truly,
Have you a Miſtris:

Lyſ. I dare not lye Madam.
I have one that loves me equally.

Cle. Lyſander, ſhe hath reaſon, were I your Miſtreſs,
I think I ſhould love you better then my ſelf:
But tell me, *Lyſander*, What was the quarrel,
Betwixt the Duke and you?

Lyſ. Madam, I cannot tell you without diſcovering
That which I would gladly keep conceal'd;
Yet why I ſhould deny you the knowledge of any
Secret my heart holds, I cannot ſee; except I ſhould
Be moſt ungratefull, you being the only cauſe
That I have now a heart to keep a ſecret in.

Cleo. What was it, ſpeak; I long, yet fear, to know it.

Lyſ. The Duke and I were rivals,
Clarinda was the marke at which both aym'd.

Cleo. Which of you loved ſhe beſt?

Lyſ. Madam, ſhe loved me beſt,
We being brought up together,
Which was her great misfortune;
For had ſhe known the Duke before me,
Her judgment would have taught her
To love the worthier,
And one indeed that loved her better,
At leaſt, with greater paſſion.

Cleo. But did not half ſo well deſerve to be lov'd
By her as you, ſince he did go about
To force love, or at the leaſt to take from her (vant
The loved, that which ſhe moſt delighted in, her ſer-

Lyſ. Having once remov'd me, he hoped ſhe
Would accept of him, who would have made
A worthier ſervant far, ſince he had power
To raiſe her to that glorious heighth of fortune,
VVhich well would have become her merits:
But on the other ſide, he knew, the meaneſs
Of my fortune, muſt needs obſcure and darken

Her

Her perfections, so that he out of love
To her rather then to himself, desir'd
To make her his.

Cle. He could not chuse but know, that if he kil'd
The man belov'd by her she needs must hate him,
If she were worthily constant; if not,
Then he with danger of his life had purchas'd
Her too dearly; for I should still believe,
If once she changed, she alwayes would become
The victor's Prize.

Lys. Madam, there was some unlucky mistaking
Betwixt us, or else we had not fought. (fought

Cle. Would it had pleas'd heaven you had not
Or that the Duke had scap'd with life; but since
Your quarrell was not to be reconcil'd, though I
Do blush to say so, I am glad t'was he that perisht,
For I have ever wisht you well.
I would not have you thinke I am now in love
With you; yet by my life I cannot say, but I may be
Hereafter, though I know you have a mistress,
Whose perfections darken mine: give me those
Things to dress his wounds with. (happy,

Lys. These wounds sure were given to me to make me
In being toucht by your soft hands: my wounds
Can never heal, my prayers are against it;
Because being wel I cannot have this blessing,

Cleo. What a strange alteration do I feel now!
When I touch you, a certain coldness seizeth
On my heart, and all my bloud flyes to my face:
Sure I do love you; I ne're yet knew what it was
For to dissemble; if I love I say so,
And if I hate, I keep it not conceal'd.
I will not give a thought that is base
A harbor in my brest; what need I then
Conceale my heart? the praise *Lysander*
Which was bestow'd upon thee had bred in me

A great deſire to be my own aſſurance,
Whether thou wert the Maſter of ſo many
Excellencies, as fame beſtow'd upon thee.
And now that I do find they rather do
Come ſhort, then any whit out-go thy merit,
Wonder not that I, though a Princeſs, am in love
With thee, for I have ſtill profeſt to love the
Richeſt mind, which is in thee compleat,
With the addition of a comely perſonage.

Lyſ. I hope your Grace doth not mock me.

Cleo. No, by my life, I take delight
In looking upon you.

Lyſ. I cannot think you are in earneſt, yet I will
Anſwer you, as if you were: ſhould you love me
Think you, or would you wiſh that I ſhould break
My fore-paſt vows unto *Clarinda*.

Cle. No, it muſt be for your worth if I do love you,
And when you prove unconſtant, you are
No longer worthy.

Lyſ. If I be conſtant,
What fruit can you receive from your affection?
A barren love will ill become
So great a Princeſſe.

Cle. Be you ſtill conſtant, love your *Clarinda* ſtil;
For when you ceaſe to be ſo, I ſhall hate you;
Only reſpect me as a Siſter: for when my reaſon
Shall have leave to combate againſt my paſſion,
It will convert it to a Siſterly affection.

Lyſ. Madam, I know
In that you ſay you love me, you do it only
For to make a tryall how ſtrongly I am arm'd
By my *Clarinda*'s merits againſt inconſtancy.
And I confeſſe, if it were poſſible
To undermine my faith, and blow my former
Promiſes into the ayre; your pleaſing ſpeech,
And thoſe, yet majeſtick glances

Of

Of your eyes, were the only inſtruments that yet
I ever ſaw, to do it.

Cle. But ſpeak you as you think *Lyſander* ?

Lyſ. Elſe may I periſh; but miſtake me not ;
For though I could believe your beauty
And merit to be above *Clarinda*'s ;
Which is unpoſſible, either that it ſhould be,
Or that I ſhould believe it ; yet where my word
Is once paſt, though all the tortures mans wit
Can invent ſhould at one inſtant inviron me
To torture the mind and body, yet
I would not break my faith.

Cle. May I be miſerable, if ere I perſwade you to't ;
Yet I could wiſh that you did love me,
And with a little paſſion; but do not make ſhew
Of more then you do truly feel, thinking
To pleaſe me; for if I find it, I ſhall be angry.
I will not hide a thought from you.

Mari. But Madam, is it poſſible that
(You) ſhould love him thus ?

Cle. I ſcorn for to diſſemble ; for who ſtand
I in fear of ? were the King my brother here,
Sure I ſhould not deny that I loved *Lyſander*.

Mar. Madame, I rather wiſh
My Brother never had beene borne,,
Then that the King ſhould know you love him,
Nay, I hope you know it not your ſelfe:
Shall I believe that your great heart, that ever
Yet contemn'd love, can on a ſudain in four
Or five daies knowledge, be ſtruck by my unworthy
Brothers ſlender merits, and one that muſt
Be perjur'd too, if he ſhould love you.

Cleo. Mariana, take heed how you doe perſue
This Subject ; for if you doe, I ſhall begin
To hate you? Are not you aſham'd to contradict
Your ſelfe ? How oft hath your owne tongue

Given

Given him the higheſt attributes of worth?
Nay, you have beene ſo laviſh of his praiſes,
That I have check'd you for it though I beliv'd
Them to be true, becauſe it comes
Somthing too neere the praiſing of our ſelves,
To praiſe a Brother. I am my ſelf a witneſſe
Of his valour and his wit, and thoſe are ſure
The maine ſupporters to all other vertues,
Bluſh not *Lyſander* to heare thine owne juſt praiſes,
Except it be that I doe ſully them in the delivery,
Thou gav'ſt too ſad a witneſſe of thy valour
In overcomming him, which through this
Kingdome was eſteemd the braveſt man.

Lyſ. Madam, a braver man by farre, than he
Under whoſe ſword he fell; Fortune that did envy
His worth, becauſe his mind was fortified
Above her reach, applyed her ſelfe that day
Unto the ruine of his body; and then, though
Never before, or ſince, fought on my ſide.

Cleo. When next I come,
I will intreat you to tell me every particular
Accident through the whole Combate.

Lyſ. Moſt willingly, for I by that Relation,
Shall make apparant, the difference betwixt
His worth and mine. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Utrante, and Attendants.

King. So many dayes o'repaſt, and yet no newes
Of my deare Cozen, whether he be alive or dead!

Utran. Sir, there is a Hermite,
Which hath brought ſad newes.

King. What? of his death, or that he's deadly hurt?

Utran. Sir, to your Majeſty he only will relate
That which he hath to ſay; and yet by the ſadneſſe
Of his countenance, know, his newes is ill.

King. Call him in,
Whilſt with patience I fore-arme my ſelfe;

Enter

Enter Hermite.

Speak, Father, Is the Duke dead? what ſad newes is
This you bring, give me my torment in a word.

Her. Your feares are true indeed, the Duke
Is dead.

Kin. How doe you know?

Her. Your Majeſty ſhall heare.
As I was gathering Roots within the Forreſt,
The beſt part of my food, caſting my eye aſide,
I ſaw a man lie weltring in his gore,
Straight I was ſtrucken with a ſudaine fear;
But Charitie prevailing, above fear,
I ſtept to ſee, if yet the ſoul had left
That comely Manſion, for ſo indeed it was.
Finding ſome ſparks of life remaining, I took
A cordial water, which I ever carry with me,
And by the help of that I brought him to his ſenſes,
So that he was able to deliver theſe few words.
Death I embrace thee willingly, thou being
A farre leſſe torment, then for to live
And know *Clarinda* loves another better.
May ſhe enjoy *Lyſander*, whom now I doe
Beleeve is worthy of her: for I that
Moſt unjuſtly went about to croſſe it,
Muſt pay my life downe for my error;
Lyſander, I forgive thee my death, and ſo
I hope the King, and with that word *the King*,
He ſunke between my armes, and never
Spoke word more.

Kin. O what a man was this! what marble heart
That would not melt it ſelfe in tears to heare
This ſad relation? But what became of the body?

Her. There Sir begins occaſion of new griefe.
Whilſt I did vainly ſtrive to call back life,
Three barbarous theeves ſeeking ſome booty,
Came by chance that way, and ſeeing his garments
Rich,

Rich, they went about to ſtrip him; but hearing
Of ſome noyſe within the wood, one of them
Did adviſe to carry him to their boat, which lay
Hard by, within a Creek. I went about
To hinder them, and for my paines they did compel
Me to carry the body upon my ſhoulders,
Threatning to kill me if I did refuſe;
But not content with this, they made me row
Them down the ſtream three dayes together,
Untill they came unto their fellow-Pirates.

King. What did they with the body?

Herm. Threw it overbord, when they had
Rifled it firſt.

King. How chance you came no ſooner to tell
This newes; though yet too ſoone, they are ſo ill.

Utran. I ſee the King did dearly love him,
He weepes.

Herm. Sir, the current of the water bare us farther
In three dayes, then I was able to returne in ten.

King. Give the poore Hermite ſomething;
Though his newes deſerve it not,
Yet his ſufferings doth.
It is an addition to my griefe, that when I parted
With him laſt, I ſeem'd to be offended with him
For his dotage on *Clarinda*, which he hath
Dearely paid for; and yet I cannot blame him,
For ſhe is the faireſt creature that yet I ever ſaw.

Enter Cleonarda.

O Siſter, we have loſt our deareſt Kinſman,
And that which adds unto my grief, is, that I cannot
Be reveng'd on him that kild him.

Cleo. Are you certain Sir that he is dead, or
Who it was that kild him?

Kin. Too certain of them both:
It was *Lyſander* that kild him,
Whom if I ever get within my power,

The

The ſharpeſt kinde of death that juſtice can inflict
Upon him, he ſhall feel.
Cleo. Say you ſo, Brother, hee ſhall
Not come within your power if I can helpe it then:
But, royal brother, if the Duke had kild *Lyſander*,
I know you would have pardoned him.
King. Sister, I thinke I ſhould.
Cle. With what Juſtice then can you perſue
Lyſanders life, who as the Duke himſelfe
Informes you in his Letter, ſought
Onely to maintaine what was his owne;
But on the other ſide, the Duke like an uſurper
Without any title would have taken from him
That which he valew'd farre above his life,
His Love.
King. It is not I
That purſues *Lyſanders* life, but Juſtice;
The Law condemnes him to dye,
Had it been but a private man, much more
Being ſo neare a kin to me.
Cle. There is no Law, but doth allow us to defend
Our ſelves; *Lyſander* did no more: For who can denie
He was compeld? honor compeld him,
The Duke compeld him, and love which cannot be
By noble minds reſiſted) did above all compell him,
Then all the fault *Lyſander* did commit in my
Opinion, is, that he was too ſlow, needing
Compulſion in ſo juſt a cauſe; and therefore Sir
If you ſhould apprehend *Lyſander*, though by
The letter of the Law his life is forfeit;
Yet remember that mercy is the greateſt attribute
Belonging to thoſe powrs, whoſe ſubſtitute you are.
King. Siſter, you often have had occaſion
To ſhew your Charity, in being a Suiter to mee
For the lives of thoſe that had offended;
Yet untill now, you never beg'd my mercy unto any.

Cleo.

Cleo. Sir, you never had occaſion given you
Till now to whet the ſword of Juſtice by your owne
Particular revenge, that it might cut the deeper,
And being not intereſſed, your mercy of it ſelfe
Did blunt the edge, and needed not my interceſſion.
King. I doe conjure you by my love
To ſpeake no more of this unpleaſing ſubject;
For if I get *Lyſander* once within my power,
I will ſacrifice his heart-bloud to the Ghoſt
Of my deceaſed Cozen.

Enter Clarinda

Utran. You know it is bootleſſe,
The King is ſo incenſt, in begging mercy
For *Lyſander*. You may prove cruell to your ſelfe,
And unto me your Father.
Clar. O Sir, how ill you doe requite *Lyſander*;
His love to you was the onely cauſe
That puld theſe miſeries upon him;
For had not he ſo dearly tendered you,
Fearing to draw on you the King's diſpleaſure,
We had long ſince bin married: then this unlucky
Combat had not bin, nor I had need of that
Which now I am to beg: Mercy, great Sir.
King. Why, know you where *Lyſander* is?
Clar. O no, but I do fear he cannot eſcape
Your hands.
King. Why Lady,
Can you hope that if he were taken
I would pardon him: hath he not kild the man
That in the world was neareſt to my heart?
I cannot grant this; riſe, and by mine honour
Ask or command what is within my power
(But this) and it ſhall be perform'd.
Clar. Sir, all the ſuite
Ile make, ſince this cannot be granted, is
That in the ſelfe ſame hour that my *Lyſander*

Is to suffer; I who have been the fountaine
From whence these blondy streames have issu'd,
May be permitted to shew *Lysander* the dark
Yet pleasing way to the Elizian Fields;
For though we could not here, yet there we shall
Enjoy each other.

Cleo. *Lysander*, shouldst thou prove false to her,
Though I my selfe were cause of thy inconstancy;
Yet I should hate thee.

King. I hope you will better consider
Of the generall losse the world shall sustaine,
In losing such a Jewell as your selfe:
Sister, I will leave you to advise her better,
And pray use her with your best respect,
Her worth and beauty both deserve it;
My Lord *Utrante*, have you, in your daughters name;
Taken possession of all that was the Duke's,
As I commanded?

Utran. My Lord, I have the full possession;
But she doth utterly refuse them.

King. I know my Sister will advise
Her better. *Exe. manet Clar. & Cleo.*

Cla. The Princesse is the fairest Creature
That yet mine eyes ever beheld: why does she look
So stedfastly upon me? Gracious Madam,
What see you in this worthlesse frame,
That so attracts your eyes.

Cleo. I see, *Clarinda*,
In each particular of the whole frame,
Which thou term'st worthlesse, an excesse of beauty,
Which in another Lady might breed envy;
But by my life I take delight to look on thee.

Cla. And Madam, may I perish,
If ere mine eyes yet met an object, wherein
I took halfe that delight that I do now
In looking upon you. VVere I a man,

And could frame to my ſelfe a Miſtris by my wiſhes
Having the wide world to chooſe in, for each
Particular to make up the whole; I ſhould believe
It were a fruitleſſe labour, if I went farther
Then your ſelfe thus fram'd.

Cleo. *Clarinda*, as I am Siſter to a King,
I ſee I muſt partake of their misfortunes,
Which is to be groſly flatter'd: but it may be
You give me this faire language by inſtinct;
For I had pleaſing newes to tell you,
If that you had come to Court. I thought
To have ſent for you, which unto you
I know appeares moſt ſtrange, for till this hour
I never had the happineſſe to ſee you.

Clar. Madam, it does indeed.

Cleo. It will appeare more ſtrange,
When you ſhall know the cauſe for which
I would have ſent for you.

Cla. Deare Lady, what is it for?

Cleo. I would have ſent for you,
To know what you would have given willingly,
To one that would undertake to ſave *Lyſander's* life.

Clar. I cannot name you a particular,
But all that I have, or can give.

Cleo. I meane not goods or money,
But could you be content if it were
A woman that could do this,
To quit your intereſt in *Lyſander*,
And give him leave to marry her?

Clar. If it ſhould come to that, I know
I ſooner ſhould be willing,
Than I ſhould draw him to give his conſent.

Cleo. It is nearer it, than you believe:
I know a Lady that hath ſav'd his life already.

Cla. How, beg'd his pardon of the King!
And upon thoſe conditions hath he given conſent?

Cleo.

Cleo. He hath not yet; but when he knowes
Your mind, I think he will.
Clar. Is she a handsome Lady, and well born?
Cleo. Not very handsome; but her birth is great:
In both she equals me, and, in affection to
Lysander, you.
Clar. Madam, I do beseech you
Leave this too harsh discourse: for it hardly
Can be true, since there is no Lady
In this Kingdome, that ever I saw
That equals you in beauty, yet
The imagination that it may be so,
Doth from mine eyes draw teares, and chases
From my heart the usuall hear.
Cleo. Weep not *Clarinda*, I cannot hold thee
Longer in suspence. I am the Lady that I meane,
And therefore chase away thy feare.
Clar. I never saw true cause of feare till now,
The tale you told appeares much likelier truth,
Now, that you are the Lady, than it did before;
For you have in you that full excellency,
That would make Gods forsweare themselves,
If they had made an oath, should you propose
Your selfe as the reward of that their perjury:
Shall I believe then that *Lysanders* frailty,
Can resist such an assault, if you be so resolv'd?
Besides, what Lady hath the power to beg
Lysanders life, at your incensed brothers hands;
But onely you that are his Sister:
Go poore forsaken maid, and melt thy selfe
Away in teares, and do not live to be an eye-sore
To this noble Lady, nor to upbraid *Lysander*
With his falshood.
Cleo. Stay sweet *Clarinda*,
And for as many teares as I have made thee shed
From those faire eyes, so oft Ile kisse the Crystall

Fonntaines from whence they flowed; believe me,
Dearest maid, though I do love *Lysander*,
Yet I would not wrong thee for a world.
Of which to give thee more assurance,
Thou shalt see, and speak with thy *Lysander*,
For thou art onely worthy of him;
He is now at *Gerards* Lodge within the Forrest,
None knowes of it but *Gerard*, and his own Sister
Mariana; how I brought him thither wounded,
Ile take another time to tell you: when you would
See him, you must go disguis'd: farewell *Clarinda*,
Be confident I love you dearly. I will stay
No longer lest it should breed suspition. *Exit.*

Clar. Madam, your humble servant.
How strange a tale is this! yet sure it's true,
Why should the Princesse say so else?
But can it be, the Princesse loves *Lysander*?
Can it be otherwise, if she do know him?
If it be true, sure *Lysander* will not neglect
So great a blessing: hence, Jealousie! the canker
Of true love, that dost in time consume that
Which did give thee being; why should I wrong
Lysander, to mistrust his faith, till I have
Better cause? I must to him, and in disguise,
Which how to get my selfe, I know not,

Enter Iacomo.

I must trust some body, and who so fit
As honest *Iacomo*, who I know loves *Lysander*.
Come hither honest *Iacomo*. *Iaco.* Madam.
Clar. I know thou lov'st me,
And wilt do any thing that I command thee.
Iaco. Madam, I hope you make no doubt of it.
Clar. No, thou shalt see I do not doubt;
For I will make thee privy to a secret,
That torture should not draw from me.
Iaco. If it be that that I suspect, torture shall

Hardly make me to conceal it.

Clar. What ſaiſt thou *Iacomo*?

Iaco. Madam, I ſay, Although I ſhould be rackt,
Yet what you tell me ſhall be ſtill conceald.

Clar. I know, it ſhould; come truſty *Iacomo*,
Ile tell thee all the Story as we go. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scœna prima.

Enter Clarinda in diſguiſe, Iacomo.

Clar. How am I bound to thee for this diſguiſe,
I think my Father if I had met him
Could not have known me: how farre is it
Yet to the Lodge?

Iaco. It is not above a Mile; but are you ſure
He is there?

Clar. I would not elſe have come ſo far a foot,
Nor put on this diſguiſe.

Iaco. Madam, if you be weary, here is a fair
Cool ſhade, where you may reſt your ſelfe a while.

Clar. Though I be faint and weary;
Yet I will not ſtay; the great deſire I have
To ſee *Lyſander*, doth ſupport my weakneſſe.

Iaco. But Madam, I am weary, and I have
No ſuch ſtrong deſire as love to carry me.

Clar. For ſhame ſay not ſo, can you being a man
And us'd to walk, be weary in ſo ſhort a journey!

Iaco. Madam, you muſt refreſh me with a kiſſe,
I cannot walk elſe.

Clar. How *Iacomo*!

Iaco. Why, doth not the paines that I have taken
Deſerve a greater recompence then that?

Clar. I do confeſſe
The paines that thou haſt taken; and
I intend thee a reward equall to it,

But it amazes me to hear thee aske,
That which would trouble me to give;
And yet to thee that should'st receive it,
Do no good at all.

Jaco. If it will trouble you to give it, then let
Me take a kiss.

Clar. How strangely art thou transported,
With a fond desire!

Jaco. You will not kiss me then.

Clar. I prethee be not angry *Jacomo*,
I le give thee that which is better;
Here take this Jewel; yet let me tell thee,
The Duke would not thus boldly have demanded
What thou didst ask.

Jaco. He was a fool then,
And did not know his own advantage,
Which you shall find I do: you that
Denied me now a kiss, shall give me that
Which you perchance the first night
Would have denyed your husband.

Clar. I do not like this: whats that honest *Jacomo*?

Jaco. Your Maiden-head.

Clar. How! I know thou dost but speak this
For to excuse thy self from going; sit still,
Ile find the way my self.

Jaco. Are you so crafty, stay and hear me.

Clar. What sayst thou honest *Jacomo*?

Jaco. Not too honest neither. I know you are wise, and therefore Ile use no perswasions, else, but only letting of you see the danger.

Clar. O, I fear this villain.

Jaco. *Lysander*, you told me, was at the Lodge, and there the King shall find him, except you will redeem him from that danger, by the loss of your Virginity; I know you would be well content to kisse me now, but now it will not serve.

Clar.

Clar. VVill honest *Jacomo* then prove a villain?

Jaco. VVho would not prove a villain for so sweet a recompence: How I do glory in this purchase of my wit, the Duke striving to gain the happinesse, I shall have offer'd me, paid down his life for't; besides, he went about the ceremoniall way of Marriage; but I shall meet my happinesse a neerer way, which will be an addition to the pleasure. Come, are you resolv'd?

Clar. Why villain, dost thou prize *Lysanders* life
Above mine honour?

Jaco. If for a word, for honour is no more,
You can indure to see *Lysander* suffer a cruell death,
It seems you love him little, do as you will;
Make haste unto the Lodge, you know the way well
The King may chance be there before you,
As I will handle the businesse.

Clar. Stay *Jacomo*, canst thou be such a villain
As thou dost seem; I do not think
Thou art in earnest.

Jaco. All torments that man did ever feel,
Light upon me, if I do not performe
What I say.

Clar. Then may they all light on thee;
For thou deserv'st them all.

Jaco. Stay Lady.

Clar. Dost thou relent?
I knew thou didst it but to try me.

Jaco. It is true indeed, I did so.

Clar. I thought thou still wert honest.

Jaco. Be not deceiv'd: I tried indeed if you would give consent, because the pleasure would have been the greater so; but since I have you once agen within my power, I will injoy you whether you will or no

Clarinda. Canst thou beleeve, the heavens that have the power

To ſtrike thee dead, will ſuffer ſuch a wicked Act?

Jaco. It is in vain to ſtrive or cry,
There is none to help you.

Clar. If the fear of Heaven
Cannot deterre thee from this villanie;
Yet tremble at the puniſhments my Father
And *Lyſander* will inflict upon thee.
For do not think there's any place that's ſo remote,
But they will find thee out,

Jaco. Tuſh, they ſhall ſtill believe me to be
Honeſt *Jacomo*;
Yet I will let the King know where *Lyſander* is.

Clar. Why villain, doſt thou think I will not
Diſcover thee.

Jaco Yes I doe know you would; but I will take a courſe with your Ladiſhip for telling, when I have done with you.

Clar. I know thou wilt not be ſo unmercifull to kill me.

Jaco. Yes, fear it not, rather then I will be hang'd for a ſhort minute's pleaſure.

Clar. Then kill me firſt, before thou doſt diſhonour me.

Jaco. It may be you'l be of another mind anon, and wiſh to live. The trees ſtand here too thin, Ile carry you into a thicker place.

Clar. Help, Murder: is there no Power that will transform me to a tree, and ſave my honour.

Jaco. Yes, Ile transform you, you may bear fruit too, if you will be willing. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke diſguiſ'd.

Duke. How happy are thoſe men that lead a Country Life,
And, in the nature of each ſeverall creature,
View the great God of Nature's power, who can finde
Nothing in the whole frame, but either for the composition,
Or the exiſtence, is worth our admiration! (

Within

Within Clarinda.

Murder, help, help, Murder!

Duke. It was a woman's voyce ſure. *Exit.*

Enter Jacomo.

Jaco, Slave that I was, that did not ſtop her mouth, as well as bind her hands; it was well the buſhes were ſo thick; for had he once got ſight of me, he would have cool'd my heat: ſince I have mist this pleaſure, my revenge ſhall be the greater; Ile to the King and tell him what I know concerning *Lyſander*, which will ingraft me in his favour, and for *Clarinda's* accuſall, let me alone. *Exit.*

Enter Duke and Clarinda.

Duke, Tell me pretty Boy, why did the villain bind thee?
I thought thou hadſt been a woman, when I heard thee cry?
How pale thou look'ſt of a ſuddain; be not afraid,
He dare not come againe to hurt thee.

Clarinda. My hard hearted Maſter, I fear will come again.

Duke. He had a hard heart indeed, that could hurt thee:
It is the prettieſt boy that yet I ere did ſee,
And yet methinks I have ſeene a face like this before:
Where wert thou born, ſweet child?

Clarinda. Sir, I was born in Naples.

Duke. Sure I have ſeen a face like thine,
Why doſt thou bluſh.

Clarinda. Where, Sir, do you think you have ſeen
A face like mine?

Duke. Not in this Country, for I am here a ſtranger.

Clarinda. Then Sir,
You do not know the way to *Gerards* Lodge.

Duke. Wouldſt thou go thither?
I think I do.

Clar. Yes, Sir, if I did know the way.

Duke. Ile bring thee thither if I can.
Clar. Sir, I do owe you much,
And have no other payment but my thanks:
But might I be ſo happy as to meet you
In the Citty. I have ſome friends that would
Perchance do you ſome pleaſure.
Duke. If thou wilt ſtay with me here in the Forreſt,
At a little houſe where I do lye, to morrow
I will bring thee to the Citty.
Clar. You are the moſt
Courteous man that ere I met with:
I am ſo weary that it is not poſſible
For me to reach the Citty, and at the Lodge,
Lyſander muſt not ſtay, nor muſt I flye
With him; I am not yet provided of money,
For our flight. Fool that I was to truſt
That villain *Iacomo*, alas, I did not know
Him then to be a villain. Sir, if you'l bring
Me to the Lodge, I will only ſpeak one word
With one that is there, and go along with you.
Duke. Come then.
Clar. He takes me for a boy, and ſo long
There's no danger. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleonarda dreſt like a Nymph, Huntſmen.

Cleo. Lay on the Hounds where the young Deere
Theſe old fat Deere make no ſport at all. (went in,
Huntſ. If it pleaſe your grace he is not a Stag.
Cleo. No matter Sir,
I am the Miſtreſs of the Field this day,
My brother not being here, and I will
Have it ſo: the ſorer that the Chaſe is
My being abſent will the leſſe be markt. *Hornes.*

Enter Mariana and Lyſander.

Clar. Brother, methinks now your wounds being well.
Were good to quit this Country for a while:

For

For it is impoſſible but by ſome meanes or other,
If you ſtay here, you will be diſcovered.
Lyſ. Sister, it is my intent; but I without
The Princeſſe leave, who hath preſerv'd my life,
Will certainly reſolve of nothing.
Mar. The time hath been, that you without
Clarinda's leave would have done nothing.
Lyſ. And is ſo ſtill,
For may I periſh when I prove falſe
To my *Clarinda*; yet ſhould I ſay I do not
Love the Princeſſe, and with ſome paſſion too,
I ſhould but lye. See where ſhe comes.

Enter Cleonarda and Gerard.

And with the ſplendor of her heavenly eyes
Amazeth my weak ſenſes; not *Diana's* ſelf
Lookt half ſo lovely when ſhe woo'd
The pale-fac'd boy *Endymion*;
Nor *Pallas* when ſhe ſtood Competitor
With the two Goddeſſes to gain the golden apple,
Appear'd with half that Majeſty
That ſhe doth thus attir'd: hold faith,
Thou never wert in ſuch a danger.
Cleo. Lyſander, I am glad to ſee you thus
Recover'd; I glory in my cure.
Lyſ. Madam, I am ſo well,
That I deſire your licenſe to depart,
There's danger ſurely in my being here
Both to your ſelf and me.
Cleo. Lyſander, I know you do but jeſt;
For ſhould I give you leave, I know
You would not goe.
Lyſ. Madom, it's beſt we part, ſhould I ſtay here
And dayly look upon thoſe Sun-bright eyes,
And heare your charming tongue, my faith I feare
Would prove like wax, and melt. *Clarinda's* picture
Would be ſoone defac'd, and I ſhould then deſerve

The

The hate of all the world.

Cleo. Lyſander, do not feare it: You ſhall this day
See fair *Clarinda*, whoſe merits will arme you,
Too ſtrongly to miſdoubt a change.

Lyſ. Did your grace ſee her then?

Cleo. Yes *Lyſander*. I ſaw *Clarinda*,
Whoſe perfections have compeld the heavens,
In Juſtice, to give her the moſt deſerving man alive
To be her ſervant.

Lyſ. Madame, it is true,
She had indeed the moſt deſerving man
That then did live, the Duke, given to her
For a ſervant: but when the Heavens ſaw
That ſhe did refuſe him whom they knew
Was only worthy of her, they left her then
To her unhappye choice, in me, in which
She cannot faile to be miſerable;
And that they might torment her with
The knowledge of her error, they tooke from
The earth unto themſelves whom ſhe refuſed,
Making him equall unto one of them.

Cleo. Lyſander,
I will give you leave to praiſe the Duke,
Becauſe it ſtill tends to your greater praiſe,
Since you did overcome him both by your valor,
And your other merits: for faire *Clarinda*
Whoſe judgment is compleat, eſteem'd you
For the worthier: *Lyſander*, never was there man
So bleſt as you are, in a Miſtris; for it is
As impoſſible to equall her in love,
As in perfection; for though ſhe know that her
Perfections farre tranſcend mine, yet her
Exceſſe of love did make her jealous,
When as I told her, I had ſav'd your life,
And how. But I, to ſhew her that I loved
You only as a brother, did tell her where

You were, and much I wonder that ſhe
Is not come.

Lyſ. It may be ſhe doth wiſely feare that there
Are ſome that watch each ſtep ſhe maketh,
Hoping by that to finde me out; for now
It is no newes that ſhe doth love me.
When I am at Florence, I le ſend her word,
For ſo I promiſ'd her in a Letter when I went
To fight, if that I eſcap'd with life.

Cleo. You ſhall not goe to Florence to day:
Yet doe ſo, and bee not ſad to go;
For when my Brothers paſſion is once over
And that he ſhall conſider the juſtneſſe
Of the Duke's requeſt, in his laſt Letter,
I meane your pardon, hee cannot ſure
Be any longer cruel.

Lyſ. Why Madame,
Did he write a Letter to the King,
In which he beg'd my pardon?

Cleo. Yes, *Lyſander*, he did;
And the laſt word that ere hee ſpake, was
To that purpoſe; the letter I can ſhew you.
I never till this day could get it from my Brother.

Lyſander reads to himſelfe.

Lyſ. He in this Letter doth expreſſe himſelfe
To be ſo neere the compoſition of the Gods,
So fild with all perfections, me thinkes it's ſtrange
They ſhould not build him altars: yet my infortunate
Hand did rob the world of this precious Jewell;
For which offence my heart ſhall drop in juſtice
As many bloody teares, as now my womaniſh tears
Do drops of briniſh water.

Cleo. VVorthy *Lyſander*,
Each pearl-like drop falls from thy manly eyes,
May expiate a greater ſinne then that thou didſt
Commit in thy intention: I cannot chuſe

But

But kiſſe thee for this noble ſorrow. Say *Mariana*,
Have I done ill to kiſſe your Brother?
Mar. Madame, it were in me preſumption
To cenſure any of your actions.
Cleo. *Lyſander*, muſt you goe to day?
Sure you do not love me as a Siſter, elſe
You would not part ſo ſoone.
Lyſan. By this kiſſe, which I believe ſhall be
The laſt that I ever ſhall be bleſt with,
Did not my faith oblige me other wayes,
I ſhould love you equall with *Clarinda*,
Nay had I knowne you firſt, I ſhould
Have lov'd you better; but as it is
I know you are ſo noble in your ſelfe
That you would hate me if I ſhould prove inconſtant.
Cleo. It is true, it were a baſeneſſe for which
My judgement would condemne you as unworthy
To be belov'd; but yet I thinke my paſſion
Would make me change that ſaying, of loving
Of the Treaſon; yet haring of the Traitor:
For I ſhould hate the Treaſon, and yet I feare me
Too much love the Traitor.
Lyſ. It were impoſſible that you ſhould love
A perjur'd man.
Cleo. I doe but feare it,
I know your worth will never put it to the tryall.
Lyſ. Deare Princeſſe;
Gerard; to whom I am much bound,
Hath horſes ready for me, ſo that there is
Nothing wanting but your leave to make
My journey happie.
Cleo. Which I unwillingly doe grant you, yet
Pray the heavens to make your journey proſperous.
O *Mariana*, would I had never ſeene thy brother,
Or having ſeene him, that I might enjoy him
For my Husband: but I doe ill to wiſh anothers

Right

Right; that happineſſe belongs to faire *Clarinda's*
Merits onely,
Lyſ. Go *Gerard*, get the horſes ready. *Ex. Ger.*
Cleo. Lyſander, let me heare from you,
And if you think it no way prejudiciall
To your faith, I pray you weare this favor
For my ſake.
Lyſ. Madame, moſt willingly,
And thinke it for the greateſt honor that ere
Was done me.
Within Crye, round beſet the houſe.
Cleo. What noyſe is that *Mariana*?
Mari. Madame, Ile goe ſee.
O Madame we are undone, it is the King.
Who threatens to hang up *Gerard* for concealing
Of my Brother.
Lyſ. Deare Madame, hide your ſelf,
What will the King your brother ſay,
If he doth finde you here?
Cleo. I will *Lyſander* flye from his anger now,
That I may have more power hereafter
To doe thee ſervice; what will you do *Lyſander*?
Lyſ. It is no matter what becomes of me,
So that you be ſafe from the Kings anger.
Enter King, Iacomo, Attendants, Gerard bound, Gerard.
Iaco. Sir, ſet the houſe round, leſt he ſhould ſcape
At ſome backe dore.
King. Be that thy charge, take half the Gard, Ile ſearch
The houſe my ſelfe: Where is this bloody Traytor?
Lyſ. Sir, heres a bloody handed, though not a bloudy-
Minded man, that doth not yet deſerve the title
Of a Trairor. I know it's me you looke for.
King. Bloudy villiane, it's thou indeed,
Lay hands on him.
Lyſ. Keepe off, and heare me ſpeake firſt,
And then I will deliver up my ſword.

King

King. What would'ſt thou ſay?

Lyſ. I ſee poore *Gerard* bound, whom I
Compel'd to conceale me.

King. How couldſt thou compell him?

Lyſ. Royall Sir, with patience heare me:
When I by the aſſiſtance of Fortune, not my valour;
(Yet I did nothing baſely) had kild that noble Duke,
I was my ſelfe ſore wounded, ſo that I could not
Fly out of your territories, and well I knew
Into what houſ ſo ere I came, though they
At firſt might pitty me, not knowing
What I had done; yet when they once ſhould know
That I had kild the Duke, they then I knew
Would ſtraight diſcover me, rather to gain reward,
Or elſe to ſave themſelvs from future danger.
Which to prevent, I thought my ſafeſt courſe was
For to compel *Gerard*, whom well I knew
Liv'd farre remote from company, to ſwear
Not to diſcover I was in his houſe,
Or elſe I threatned ſtraight to kill him,
Hoping that rather then he would forſweare
Himſelfe, he would conceal me, wherein I was
No whit deceiv'd.

Ger. If pleaſe your majeſtie,
He came into my houſe before I was aware,
With his ſword drawne, and ſetting of it
To my breſt, threatning if I would not ſwear
For to conceale him, to kill me inſtantly.
I (not knowing what he had done)
Swore all that he would have me.

Cleo. A God transformed into a human ſhape
Could doe or ſay no more then he hath done.

King. But, when thou knew'ſt that he had
Kild the Duke, how durſt thou then
Conceale him?

Lyſ. I then began to fright him with ſtrange

Exam-

Examples of the cruell puniſhments that perjur'd
Men had felt, and aw'd his conſcience that way,
King. So thou doſt mine *Lyſander*;
For I have made a vow, after that I had got thee
Once within my power, the Sun ſhall not
Twice ſet, till I had with a ſacrifice of thy heart bloud,
Appeas'd my Kinſmans Ghoſt. I dare not
Be forſworne, Away with him to priſon,
And *Gerard.* *Exeunt Lyſ. Ger. and Guard.*
Cleo. It is then no time for to conceale my ſelfe.
O cruell Brother! you have in that raſh oath
Murder'd all vertue that Mans frail nature
Is capable to receive.
King. I am amaz'd!
Tell me deare Siſter, what make you here,
I hope you know not of this villany.
Cleo. O do not call a demy-god a villain,
Though Fortune made his valiant arme
The inſtrument to rob you of a worthy Kinſman.
King. Siſter, you ſpeak with paſſion, as if
You lov'd him.
Cleo. Yes Brother, I do love him,
With all my heart I love him, which I will
Manifeſt more then in words,
If you be cruell.
King. Siſter, as you reſpect my favour,
And your own faire Name, blemiſh not ſo
Your royall blood by loving of a murderous
Ingratefull villaine.
Cleo. O that you were no Brother to me,
Nor my King; that I might ſatisfie mine
Anger by a brave revenge.
King. By loving of a murderous ingratefull villaine.
Cleo. O that you were no Brother to me,
Nor my King, that I might ſatisfie mine anger
By a brave revenge; by my life, I would have ſhed

His

His heart bloud with my Javelin, that ſhould
Have ſpoke this but your ſelfe, but as it is,
Ile let you ſee your error: you might as well
Call him a murderer that being aſſaulted
By a barbarous thiefe, kil'd him that would
Have rob'd him; for ſo *Lyſander* did; and
Whereas you call him Ingrate, there you do
Erre, the Duke being his debtor; and ſo
Indeed is all the world, for he hath left them
Such a Story in his actions, that he that can
But read and imitate them to the life,
Shall in another juſter age, be made a God,
And worſhipt for his vertues.

King. Siſter, did you but ſee how ill
Theſe praiſes do become you; (for you indeed
Are drunk with affection) you would leave
Them me. I know when you recover by the help
Of reaſon, you'l hate your ſelfe, and wiſh that all
Y'ave ſpoke or done this day were but a dream.

Cleo. O never, never; poore *Clarinda*,
What will become of thee when thou ſhalt heare
This killing Newes! *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarinda and the Duke.

Duk. It grieves my heart that I have brought thee (wrong,

Clar. Sir, muſt we lie here in the wood all night.

Duk. I feare there is no other remedie,

Clar. O my *Lyſander* thou art loſt I feare
For ever, and that ſame villaine *Iacomo*
Is cauſe of all. There is ſome comfort yet,
I ſee a light, ſure it's ſome houſe.

Duke. For Charities ſake open the Dore. *He knocks.*

Enter Hermit. Lord Sir, where have you been?

Duke. Mercy upon us, how are we miſtaken!
This is the old mans houſe where I have been
Still ſince I came into the Forreſt.

Cla. Pray heaven he did not miſſe his way a purpoſe.

Duk.

Duk. Good Father, if you have any meat
Fetch me ſome for this ſweet youth, I met him
In the Forreſt, and would have ſhewed him
The way to *Gerards* Lodge, but loſt my ſelfe,
And wandred up and downe till now.
Her. Here, here's ſome meat;
I was my ſelfe at *Gerards* Lodge, and ſaw thoſe
There whom you would little think.
Duke. Who were there?
Her. The King and his faire Siſter,
Lyſander bound as a Priſoner, for killing
Of the Duke.
Cla. O my *Lyſander's* loſt. *fals.*
Duke. Look to the Boy, he ſwoones; ſpeak
Child, what doſt thou ayle?
Cla. That ſame who is *Lyſander*, now a priſoner,
(And muſt die) was the only cauſe I would
So faine have gone to *Gerards* Lodge:
For that villaine who had bound me, I knew
Would tell the King that *Lyſander* was there;
And I would faine have given him warning,
That he might have fled, becauſe he is
Thy kinſman.
Her. Be not ſad Boy for that,
I heard the Princeſſe ſweare if the King
Put to death *Lyſander*, that ſhe will not out-live
Him; and he too well loves his Siſter,
To loſe her ſo.
Cla. How! Is the Princeſſe ſo in love with him?
Her. Indeed they ſay ſhe is.
Duke. Come, and eat your meat, you ſhall
Goe to bed; I know you are weary.
Clar. Sir, I cannot eate, I had rather ſleep,
Her. Come then, Ile ſhew thee to a Bed.
Clar. No Sir, Ile lie upon the Ruſhes, I never uſe
To lie with any body, and I am ſure

Here in this houſe there are not many beds.

Her. Come, thou ſhalt lie alone;
There are two beds, we two will lie together.

Clar. Pleaſe Sir to leave me here, Ile go to bed.

Herm. No child, Ile help thee.

Clar. If he ſhould ſee my breaſts, I am undone;
I will keep on my doublet.

Her. Go to bed ſweet child, wee'l leave thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Iaſpero and Bernardo.

Iaſ. What newes at Court?

Ber. Sad newes, believe me.

Iaſ. Why, muſt brave *Lyſander* ſuffer to day?

Ber. The King hath ſworne to have his head off ere Sun-ſet.

Iaſ. The Kingdome will be poor in ſuch a loſſe,
For he leaves none behind him worth his equall.

Ber. I, but is't not ſtrange the King ſhould grace
That villaine *Iacomo* that did betray him?

Iaſ. His extreame love unto the Duke makes him
Love *Iacomo*; who doth profeſſe that he did not
Diſcover *Lyſander* in hope of gaine, but onely
Out of love to the Duke's memory.

Ber. At one o'th clock he is to ſuffer, let us be there betimes and get a place neere the Scaffold to heare his laſt words. *Exeunt.*

Enter Utrante in black.

Utran. How black and ſorrowfull this day looks!
This day, in which *Lyſander* is to ſuffer:
Noble *Lyſander*, to whom my Child and I
Are ſo much bound; and yet he is the cauſe

Of

Of both our ruines; or rather I am cause:
It was my ambition to have a Duke
My Sonne in Law: no, it was my *Clarinda's*
Beauty bred all this mischiefe, and it was
The Heavens that gave Beauty to her:
Why did they then not blesse that gift in her,
But turne it to her curse? Peace wretched man
And argue not with those high powers,
But wait their pleasure, and pray for their assistance,
Who can yet change this Scene of blood into
A Scene of joy, and back returne thee thy *Clarinda.*

Enter a Servant

Ser. If't please your Lordship, my young Lady
Is return'd and gone agen. *Utran.* How!
Ser. She hath been in the house this houre as the maids tell me, hath chang'd her cloaths, and's newly stolne out at the backgate, and gon toward *Lysanders* prison; two of my fellowes are gone after her, and I came back to tell your Lordship. *Exit.*

Enter Cleonarda and Mariana.

Cleo. And do's the Kings cruell resolution hold still?
Mar. O Madam yes, my poore Brother must dye to day.
Cleo. And wilt not thou dye with him: speak *Mariana.*
Mar. Madam, I could wish that I might not outlive him.
Cle. Why sayst thou thou couldst wish, hast thou not hands?
Or dost thou want a knife? if so, yet there's many wayes to die.
Mar. Madam, how strangely do you talk?
Cleo. Why, wouldst thou wish to live,

After the untimely death of such a Brother?

Ma. Madam, we must not go untill the Gods do call us,
Yet I believe it is the better place.

Cleo. The better place? assure thy selfe of that, they would
Not else thus early call thither the best of Men. I will follow
Him where ere he goes, to see. *Enter Iacomo.*

Iac. Madam the King desires your company.

Cleo. Villaine, had he none else to send but thee
That didst betray *Lysander*? hence from my sight.
Exeunt.

Enter Duke and Hermit.

Her. What did you with the Boy?

Duke. I left him at the Count *Ulrante's* house:
He told me he dwelt there.

Her. At what hour, say they, must *Lysander* suffer?

Duke. At one of the clock, faile not to be there,
And get neere the Scaffold.

Her. You need not bid me. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter King, Cleonarda, Iacomo, Mariana, Attendants, one of them in Habit of a Country-man.

King. Sister, believe me, you have told me such particular.
Arguments of *Lysanders* worth, that I do pitty
His misfortunes much, and have quite lost my anger;
Yet Justice must be satisfied.

Cleo. Sir, the offence that he committed, was but against
The Law, although he rob'd you of a Subject;
You are above the Law, and may remit it;
A King should in points of life and death,
Be like the Chancery, in other cases; and help

By

By mercy against the cruell letter of the Law,
As the Chancery doth by conscience.
Especially when your own conscience tells you
That he was forc'd against his will to fight.

King. Sister, it were an example too dangerous
To pardon him that kild my next of blood:
It might encourage some to strike my selfe;
And therefore it is in vaine to plead for mercy.

Enter Utrante and Clarinda.

Utran. O daughter, let not your passionate love
Unto *Lysander*, make you accuse good *Iacomo*.

Cla. O Sir, you are cozen'd, he is a Divell incarnate,
Justice, Justice great Sir.

King. Lady, I thought your plea would have been mercy,
And not Justice.

Clar. Sir, I have lost all hope of mercy; but Justice,
I hope you will grant me against that villaine *Iacomo*.

Iaco. Now have at me; but I have fore-arm'd the King with such a tale: that and mine owne impudence, which never faild me, shall well enough defend me.

Kin. Arise faire *Clarinda* and by my Crowne,
Bring your sufficient proofe, you shall have Justice;
But wel I know you hate good *Iacomo*, because he did
Discover where your *Lysander* was.

Cla. VVould I had bit my tongue out of my head,
When I gave it power to tell you where *Lysander* was.

Iaco. Your majestie may marke by this how true the rest is that she hath to say. Madame, then you would seeme as if I had deceiv'd your trust, and that you had to me discovered where *Lysander* was; make me not so odious, I never was a traitor, had you to me discover'd it, wild horses should have torne mee in a thousand pieces, ere I would have confest; no this same

countrey fellow one day being within the Lodge ſaw him, and ſo diſcoverd it to me.

Cla. Though thou deny'ſt this with a brazen brow,
Yet thou canſt not denie thou wouldſt have raviſh't (me
VVhen I did truſt thee to goe along with me,
I being diſguis'd then, when I to thee diſcover'd
VVhere *Lyſander* was, and more thou threatendſt
(If I did not give conſent to thy baſe luſt)
To murder mee, when thou hadſt done,
Becauſe I ſhould not tell.

Iaco. Madame, I did not thinke that love to any man could ere have turnd that excellent wit of yours ſo ill a way, as thus unjuſtly to accuſe a man that is ſo innocent, and one that honors you.

Enter Duke and Hermite.

Utran. Sir, I doe grieve,
My Daughters love unto *Lyſander*, ſhould
Move her for to ſeeke a moſt unjuſt revenge
Againſt good *Iacomo*, whoſe like for honeſtie
I know not in this Kingdome of his quality.

Clar. Sir, here's a witneſſe that will confirme
VVhat I have ſaid for truth.

Duke. VVhat gentle Lady?

Clar. Sir, 'twas I that you reſcu'd yeſterday,
From a villian that would have raviſht me.

Duke. VVhy Lady, were you in ſuch danger?

Iaco. Marke you, Sir, he knowes of no ſuch thing,

Clar. I was the boy you found in the wood,
VVhom this villaine would then have raviſht,
VVhich then I told you was my maſter.

Du. I thought no boy could have ſo ſweet a face:
Indeed Sir, it is moſt true, I found this Lady bound,
And that ſame villain (as I thinke) for I had but
A glimpſe on him, in the buſhes, his feare making
Him

Him flie as soon as ever he saw me.

Clar. I beseech your Majestie let him be hang'd,
For on my honor what I doe affirme is truth.

King. Your affirmation is to me a hundred
VVitnesses, yet it were in me iniustice to deny
The combat 'gainst this gentleman that doth accuse
Him on your behalfe, if *Iacomo* desire it.

Duke. Believe it Sir, he that will do such villanies,
VVill never dare to fight, Sir send him to the Galleyes.
If he will not fight it shewes his guilt.

Iaco. Hell take you all, I dare not fight, might I have all the world given. Ile rather to the Gallyes. I shall get out there with some tricke or other, and then Ile poyson twenty of you. Ile not discover what I am; hat will but shew me more.

King. Let him that rescu'd *Clarinda* have the land
That *Iacomo* should have had, for discovering where
Lysander was: call forth the prisoner, and proceed to
execution.

Enter Lysander, executioner, Guard.

Lys. VVeep not, *Clarinda*, you may live happily
You and the princess may together make
A kind of Marriage, each one strongly
Flattering themselves, the other is *Lysander*;
For each of you's *Lysander*'s better part:
Pardon *Clarinda* that I borrow from
That streame of love a part to pay the Princesse,
Which ever yet ran constantly to the Ocean
Of thy perfection only, for now a gratefulnes
To her, makes some of it run in another current;
For which I know, thou being wise, canst never
Love me lesse, knowing that I have lost enough
For both, since I can marry neither.

Cla. Lysander, doe not thinke I grudge that part of
Love

You pay the Princeſſe, her merits farre transſcending mine.
Beſides, you owe her for preſerving of your life,
And I have beene the onely cauſe, that you muſt loſe it;
But Ile beare you company, and in that pay the debt I owe you.
King. Why ſtayes the Priſoner? *Lyſ.* Onely to take
A parting kiſſe; then when you pleaſe I am prepar'd.
King. What meane you Siſter, will you make apparant
To the world your folly? *Cleo.* Sir, doe not hinder me;
For if I may not here ſpeake with him,
We will converſe in death ſooner then you believe;
Lyſander, thou art going to thy laſting home,
And, in thee all vertuous men muſt ſuffer.
They being but branches, thou the root of all perfection:
Who will be Curteous, Valiant, ſince theſe are cauſes
Of thy death? for thou unto the world didſt manifeſt
In thy laſt action with the Duke, that thou wert
Really poſſeſt of theſe: but I in ſumming up thy worth
Do but increaſe my griefe; ſince I muſt part with thee,
The rich unhappy owner; for they have onely ſerv'd
To revive thee, and thoſe that lov'd thee for them.
Poore *Clarinda*, I from my owne conceptions
Could weepe, to thinke upon the torment thou wilt feele,
When as the Axe ſhall ſever from thee loves
VVorthy perſon, thy comely head, worthy,
Moſt worthy, in that it was the Cabinet appointed
By the Gods to keepe their richeſt Jewell in,
His minde, which is indeede an Index,
In which judicious men may read as in a Booke,
The whole contents of all their excellence.
King. Siſter, for ſhame doe not thus wrong

Your

Your ſelfe and me, by throwing ſuch high praiſes
On a man condemn'd by Law : *Lyſander*,
Prepare thy ſelfe to die, and take no notice of her
Idle praiſes, which if they could to any mortall
Man be due, they were to him, for whom
Thou now muſt ſuffer.

Lyſ. Sir, I doe confeſſe it and am ready to receive
Your doome.

Cleo. I need not to a mind ſo fortifi'd as thine is
Give any Antidotes, to arme thee againſt death.

Lyſ. All the encouragement that I will deſire
Shall bee a kiſſe of your faire hand.

Cleo. Lyſander, thou know'ſt my ſoul embraceth thee
Theſe are the firſt teares that ere fell from mine eyes,
Although a woman, which I am pleas'd with,
Since it well expreſſes this is the greateſt griefe
That yet I ever felt.

Lyſ. This kiſſe *Clarinda* is thy due, thou art
The neereſt to my heart in Juſtice. *Clarin. ſwoones.*

King. Looke to *Clarinda*, carry her home.

Cleo. I thought ſhe would have out-gon me; but now
Mine ſhall be the glory: who would live in a world
That's bankrupt of all vertue? *Lyſ. kneeles.*

Exec. I pray Sir forgive me your death.

Lyſ. Friend, do thine office, I forgive thee.

Duke. Hold villaine.

King. How dareſt thou to hinder the ſword of Iuſtice from lighting where it is deſign'd?

Duke. Sir, if you execute this Lord, you are a Tyrant.

King. Why Sir, will it bee tyranny in mee
To execute the Law? the fellow's mad,
Lay hands on him. (innocent.

Duke. It is a cruell Law that doth condemne the

King. Why, is he innocent?

Duke. Let me dye for't if I do not prove

He

He did not kill the Duke. (thy ſelfe
Kin. And by my Crown, ſince thou doſt interpoſe
Betwixt the ſword of Juſtice and the Object,
It ſhall cut through thy life too with *Lyſander's*,
If thou doſt faile to prove what thou affirmeſt.
Lyſ. I do beſeech your Majeſty,
Let not this frantick man, (for ſo he ſeemes to be)
Out of his love to me, ruine himſelfe:
I do confeſſe againe it was this unlucky hand,
And no other, that kild the Duke.
Duke. I call the heavens to witneſſe, it was I
That was the cauſe he bled that day,
And well he did deſerve it, for thinking
So unjuſtly to rob thee of *Clarinda*,
Who only doſt deſerve her.
King. Carry the fellow hence;
Do I ſit here to heare a mad man talke?
Duke. Call me not fellow, I am as good
A Gentleman, as was the Duke your Cozen,
And were he now alive he would acknowledge it.
Kin. Away with him to Priſon, Ile have him
Strangely puniſht for this preſumption.
Away with him.
Her. Sir upon my credit,
(And men of my Profeſſion ſhould not lye) he's both
In Birth and worth equall unto the Duke.
Kin. Though I do reverence your Profeſſion,
Yet I ſee no cauſe to believe you,
For in this Kingdome there is none ſo worthy.
Her. Sir, yes; every way as worthy,
And one your Majeſty doth love ſo well,
That if he aske you, I know you will pardon
Lord *Lyſander* for his ſake.
King. Sure all the world's infected,
One that I loved ſo well and equall to the Duke
In Birth; how canſt thou prove this?

Her.

Her. Thus I can prove it, *Diſcover Duke.*
To your great joy and all the Kingdomes.
Kin. I am amaz'd; art thou a Conjurer,
And from the quiet grave haſt raiſed
The beloved perſon of my Kinſman to delude me?
For thou wert he that ſaid thou foundſt his body.
Duke. Ghoſts do not uſe to pay their duty to
The living, Sir, feel my hand, I am your Servant.
Kin. O my deare Couzen, can this be true!
Duke. Sir, I will make all plaine: but firſt I muſt
Relieve the worthieſt of men, noble *Lyſander*,
Send for *Clarinda*, and tell her this glad newes:
Madam, let me kiſſe your faire hands,
I ever honour'd you, but now I do adore
That high raiſ'd mind of yours, that feares not
To profeſſe your love to vertue, though in diſtreſſe.
King Deare Cozen, I do long to know by what
Meanes you were preſerv'd.
Duke. This reverend man that did the pious act,
Can beſt reſolve it you.
Kin. 'Twas he that brought firſt word that he
Had found your body, by which we were reſolved
That you were dead, he told his tale ſo punctually.
Duke. When I began to be paſt danger of my
Wounds, I fram'd that tale about the thieves,
Intending to conceal my ſelfe, and ſo to make
Triall of your love to me, and of *Clarinda's*
Love unto *Lyſander*, both which I find
Not to be equal'd.
Kin. Good Father tell us how you found him
Wounded, and how you did preſerve him,
Her. Sir, what I told you
Concerning the finding of him wounded;
All that was true, and how I did recover him
By a ſoveraigne water; but that he after
Dyed within my armes, you ſee is falſe

And

And yet he ſpoke thoſe words that I deliver'd
As his dying ſpeech; he having then indeed
No hope of life: but heaven ſo order'd it,
That he recover'd by my skill in Surgery.
In which art I ſhall not boaſt to ſay
That I am equall with the moſt skilfull of this age
Which I thinke well appears, ſince I have cured
Him in ſo ſhort a time; yet I muſt attribute
His ſodaine curing to a ſoveraigne balme,
That an Egyptian gave mee, from which country
I late came.

King. Holy man, expect from me a great reward;
For you have backe to me reſtor'd the comfort
Of my life; but where have you ſince lived?
Or how came you by this diſguiſe?

Enter Clarinda.

Duke. I liv'd with him ſtill in a little Cottage,
And he did from the City fetch me diſguiſes;
Divine *Clarinda* pardon me, I was your bedfellow,
And did not know mine owne happineſſe then;
If I had knowne you, I would have done
Juſt as I did; I ſee you are amaz'd, it was I
That in diſguiſe reſcued you, and ſav'd your honor,
When that villaine would have raviſht you;
In which I was moſt happy; for I ſhall now preſent
You, ſomuch the richer gift to your *Lyſander*.
Here brave *Lyſander*, let me deliver up
Into thine armes the Jewell of thy life;
And in that make ſome part of ſatisfaction,
For the wrong I did thee, in compelling thee
To fight for that which was thine owne before
In juſtice.

Lyſ. My Lord, the ſervice of my life hereafter
Shall make manifeſt how much I honor you,
And with what joy I do receive your guift.

Cleo. I would have given my life to have redeem'd
Lyſanders;

Lyſanders; where is the joy then that I ſhonld feele
For his deliverance. O I have found the cauſe
That doth ſuppreſſe it; it's envy that *Clarinda*'s
Happier then my ſelfe: why ſhould I envy that
Which is her due, both by his vowes and her
Owne merit.

Lyſ. How ſad the Princeſſe lookes? I wonder
Shee doth not ſpeake to me.

Cle. Heart, though thou burſt, the world ſhall not
See I grieve or envy *Lyſander* and *Clarinda*.
May you be happy in your loves, which I can never be.

Lyſ. Her noble heart will burſt with griefe,
Would I had dyed, or rather that I had two hearts.
By death I had beene free; this way I am
A debtor to the Princeſſe, and that ingratitude
Torments me worſe then death.

King. Call for the ſacred Prieſt, and let us change
That which we thought ſhould have been a Sceene
Of blood, into a Sceene of joy, by joyning
Two deſpairing Lovers hands together.

Dk. O what a happy man's *Lyſander* at this inſtant
Compar'd with what he was halfe an houre ſince!
Imagination cannot reach it; but on the other ſide
How farre am I falne from that happineſſe
That I poſſeſt when faire *Clarinda* ſaid
That ſhe would marry me within a month.

Enter Prieſt.

Kin. Come reverent Sir, performe an office
Acceptable to the Gods. Siſter, take you *Lyſanders*
Hand, and Cozen you *Clarinda*'s. (me

Cleo. O what a cruell office hath my brother put upon

Duke. I would this task were paſt.
Vertue I ſee thou art a cruell Miſtris.

Clar. I in my ſoule grieve for the Duke,
His manly eyes ſhead teares to perform this Office;
I would to heaven he were my Brother,

Of

Or that *Lysander* were; the consideration
Of his worth and infinite affection,
Which hath appeard in all his actions,
Hath gaind much upon me.

Priest. Will you, *Lysander*, take *Clarinda* for
Your Wife, forsaking all other till the hand of death
Arrest the one of you?

Her. Say No *Lysander*.

Lys. Reverend Sir, why?

Her. Because the mariage is not lawfull.

Duke. Can you prove it unlawfull?
You sav'd my life, but I shal value that no benefit,
Compar'd with this, if you can prove
Lysander and *Clarinda* cannot marry;
Ile make you more then you can wish to be.

Her. *Lysander*, did not your Father
When you last parted with him, give you
A little Cabinet, in which he bid you look
When you should marry, on his blessing
Not before, nor at your death.

Lys. It is true, he did so, but I
Was so distracted betwixt joy and griefe,
That I had quite forgot it.

Her. Send for it with all haste.

King. What can this Cabinet produce to stop
The Marriage?

Cleo. I cannot plead desert,
Thou God of Love, because I have so short a while
Been subject to thy Lawes; but well thou knowst
If thou oblige me to become thy subject,
By giving me *Lysander*, that I shall
More extoll thy power then any Subject
That thou hast: but on the contrary,
If thou dost not assist me, I will returne againe
Unto *Diana*, thy utter enemy, and in her service
Spend the loath'd remnant of my life.

Enter

Enter with a Cabinet, Paper in it.

Kin. The Cabinet is come.

Duk. I make no doubt,
If't be within thy power, thou God of Love,
But thou wilt grant to me thy trueſt Subject
The wiſhes of my heart; but I do feare a greater
Power then thine, doth over-rule the deſtinies.

Her. Here Sir, read that paper; there you ſhall
Find, what you do little think.

King reads.

Lyſander, *I do give you leave to marry whom you do think fit, becauſe I know you are able to make a worthy Choyce; onely* Clarinda *you cannot marry, for ſhe is your Siſter.*

Lyſ. How! my Siſter! (were

Duke. Love thou haſt heard my prayer, though I
Ignorant, and knew not what to aske.

Kin. I am amaz'd, ſure this is Witch-craft.

Duke. Sir, I beſeech you prove this to be true.

Her. My Lord if you will beg a Pardon from the King,
(It is for a fault, that was never proved againſt me)
I then will make all things ſo plain, that no man ſhall
deny it.

Enter Meſſenger. (be

Meſ. And pleaſe your Majeſty, *Iacomo* is proved to
The Count *Orſinio's* Brother.

Her. My Lord, let him be brought, heel help to
the clearing of the diſcourſe I am to make.

Duke. Sir, I muſt beg a pardon for the ſaver of my life.

Kin. What hath he done? I pardon him, be't what it
will. (*beard,*

Her. Then Sir, behold a baniſht man. *puls off his*

Kin. The Count *Orſinio*!

Lyſ. My Father! your bleſſing Sir.

Utran. My deare friend! welcome. *Enter Iacomo.*

Duke. Sir, Ile not bid you welcome,

Till

Till you make it plaine, it cannot be no Marriage.

Iaco. My Brother!

Her. O thou wicked villaine! art thou alive yet?
I might have knowne thee by thy villanies,
Through thy diſguiſes.

Du. Good my Lord proceed unto your diſcovery.

Her. My ſecond wife being barren, I had
No hope of Iſſue Male; for I had *Mariana*
There by my firſt, and it did grieve my Soul
To thinke that villaine there ſhould be my heir?
For he dayly practiz'd miſchiefe before unheard of
It was not long before my wife obſerved
That the chiefe cauſe of all my diſcontent
Grew from her barrenneſſe, and ſhe being fearfull
That my affection might decline as did my hope
Of Iſſue, thought of a ſtrange and moſt unwonted
Meanes, to make her ſelfe appeare a happy mother.
My freind's Wife here, the Count *Ulrante*
Finding her ſelfe to be with Child; my Wife,
By help of Art did ſeeme ſo too: but ſtrange
To ſee how gold will worke! for by a ſumme of
Money, my Wife did worke the Mid-wives, Nurſe,
And Doctor, to cozen the true Mother of her Child
When ere ſhe ſhould be brought to bed.

King. How was that poſſible?

Her. Moſt eaſie Sir, as they did handle it,
The Child was borne, and prov'd a Boy,
As my Wife wiſht; for had it beene a Girle,
It could not then have eas'd me of my griefe,
My land being tied upon the Heyres-Male.

Duke. Good Sir, proceed.

Her. The Nurſe was by the Doctor ſtraight
Commanded to carry into the next roome the child,
Alleaging that it was moſt neceſſary,
The Mother, after ſo much labour ſhould
Sleep, which the Childs crying might hinder.

Within

Within a ſhort ſpace comes in the Mid-wife
Pittifully weeping, telling the Mother
That the Child could hardly live; but ſtraight
The Nurſe ſhe entring the Chamber cried out
Alas the Child is dead; the wofull Mother
Falling in a ſwoone, had almoſt made
That ſorrow reall for her, which was then but
Counterfeited for the Child.

Duke. The Child then was not dead?

Her. No Sir, the crafty Nurſe
Had by a back-dore convai'd it out o'th houſe
By help of another Nurſe that ſhe had there
For the purpoſe: Having recover'd
The Mother out of her trance, the poor Lady
Deſir'd to ſee her late comfort, though now
Her only cauſe of ſorrow, the dead Child:
But the Doctor utterly denyed that,
Alleaging that would but increaſe her ſorrow,
Which might impeach her health:
My friend here was not then at home,
And who durſt contradict the Doctor
In ſuch a caſe?

King. Was there
No ſervants in the houſe? Did none of them
Aske for the Child?

Her. Sir, to prevent that,
They had before provided a piece of wood
Shap't like a Child, and about that they put
A winding ſheet.

King. But what excuſe then made they
For their haſte in dreſſing of it
For the grave, that was not then
Scarce cold?

Her. For that they told the ſervants
The Child being deform'd they made ſuch haſte
To hide it from the neighbours; that they

Might not be witneſſes of their Ladies ſhame,
In bringing ſuch a Monſter into the world.
The Nurſe the ſame night came, and told my Wife
What they had done, and ſhe adviſing with
Her agents, the next night after ſeem'd
To fall in labour, and by the help of thoſe
Her creatures made perfect by their former practiſe,
She cozen'd me and the world, by making us
Believe, that ſhe had truly brought me forth a ſon.
I did a thouſand times kiſſe my young heyre,
And by my carefull education and his own
Brave naturall parts, hee's growne to be
What now you find, *Lyſander*, for he's the ſame.

King. But how came you to know
Lyſander was not your naturall ſonne, and theſe
Particulars?

Her. My Wife Sir,
Being upon her death-bed, ſhe found her conſcience
Troubled with this deceit, and could not
Depart in peace, till ſhe had freely told me
Of this ſtrange Story; I ſtill conceal'd it
Out of my juſt anger againſt my wicked Brother;
Beſides, that great affection which I bare *Lyſander*,
Continued ſtill, and is now ſo great,
That if your Majeſty by your Prerogative
Will but confirme it; I do adopt him for my Heire.

King. It ſhall.

Iaco. Thus Sir, was I defeated of my right; My Lord the Duke there by his power, though I did prove this in the open Court, by witneſs of the Nurſe & Midwife; yet he made me to be baniſht as an injurer of others.

Duke. I do confeſſe the wrong I did thee
Though ignorant, and for to make thee ſatisfaction,
I will be a ſuitor to the King in thy behalfe:
Sir, now upon my knowledge I dare affirme
That *Lyſander* is ſonne unto the Count *Urante*.

Lyſ.

Lys. It was nature in me, that made me so much
Love the Count *Ultrante*; you blessing Sir.
Clar. It do's not grieve me that you are
My brother.
Lys. And for my part, I cannot add
To my own happinesse, if I might have my wishes,
Now that you are my Sister, for I did ever love you
As a Sister rather then as a Mistris.
Duke. Divine *Clarinda*,
I cannot claim your promise till a month be past,
There is some part of it to come, but I hope
You will not strictly stand upon the time.
Clar. My Lord,
I should too much wrong my self, though I did not
Love you, in deferring of so great a blessing:
But the large testimony that you have given
Both of your worth and affection to me,
Have turn'd that great affection in an instant,
That I bare *Lysander*, as you could wish it,
Upon you; nay to say truth, I ever lov'd you,
Though not so well as he, and held your worth
As great.
Du. Dear *Clarinda*, give me not a surfet.
Lys. I fear the King will ne're consent. *whisper.*
Du. But good Sir,
What made you desire me to beg your pardon.
Or what made you conceal your self so long?
Her. My Lord, Ile tell you;
Your Lordship may remember, for it is not
Five years since, that this my friend, the Count
Ultrante and my self, were both suspected
For poysoning of your Uncle, because we were
His profest Enemies; especially my self,
Which made me flie, though I were innocent,
For it was known to many, that the villain
Kild him for's own particular revenge.

Yet my wicked Brother there perſwaded the fellow
At his death to ſay, that we had ſet him on
And got another raſcall to wittneſſe with him
That it was true; my friend, not having ſo great
Enemies, did ſtay to juſtifie himſelfe,
And for his paines was laid in priſon, and kept there
For his lands, till you got him releaſt,
And yet he never was brought unto his tryall;
I, ere I left this Country, did leave this Cabinet
With my ſonne, or rather yours, and withall
The charge of looking in it when he ſhould
Be married. After many a weary ſtep abroad,
I came home to my Country, and in diſguiſe
Have liv'd here in the Forreſt, and ſaw my friends
Full often although they knew not mee;
And having this occaſion of doing your Lordſhip
Service, I thought it would be a ſure meanes
To get my pardon; eſpecially when things
Were growne unto the extreameſt poynt
Of danger, I knew a timely remedy would be
Moſt welcome then of all, and that made me
Conceale my ſelfe ſo long.

Lyſ. Cleo. We are reſolv'd.

King. My Lord, I freely pardon you, for I believe
It was indeed a lye, invented by your wicked
Brother, whom I doe give you power to puniſh
As you thinke good.

Her. My Lord, I then deſire
He may be kept a priſoner all his life;
For ſhould he have his liberty, I know
He would do miſcheife that we ſhould all
Repent of.

Iaco. Brother, thou art wiſe,
Thou ſhouldſt have beene the firſt that ſhould
Have felt mine anger.

King. Away with him.

Duke. I dare not ſpeak for thee thou art ſo great
A Villaine. *Enter Guard with Iacomo.*
King. Come, let us ſet forwards to the Temple.
And pray the Gods to ſhower a bleſſing
Upon this Couple;--What meanes my Siſter?
Lyſ. and Cleon. ſet ſwords to their breſts.
Cleo. Thus Sir,
Lyſander and my ſelfe have made a ſolemne
Contract, and with our bloods wee'l ſeale it,
Either to goe thus to the Temple to be married,
Or to the grave.
King. How Siſter!
Cleo. What is it Sir, in your opinion, makes
Lyſander unworthy of me?
King. His blood compar'd with yours, is baſe.
Cleo. But Sir, his mind's heroicke,
And who will compare the ſervant with the Maſter?
The body is no more unto the Minde.
King. What, would you marry with a Subject?
Cleo. Who would not
Marry with a Subject that is a King of Vertues,
Rather then with a King that's govern'd
By his Vices?
Duke. Sir, you know the greatneſſe of her
Spirit; If you will have her to live, you muſt
Conſent.
Cleo. Brother, you ſtand to us
Inſtead of deſtiny; for you haue in your power
Our thred of Life: Say, will you ſpin us out
A happy thred, that we may live to ſerve you,
Or will you cut it ſhort?
Duke. O be not cruell to your onely Siſter;
What's all the outward glory, if you rob
The mind of that which it delights in?
I know that your intention is to make
Her happy: doe not miſtake the way;

Her

Her mind is not taken with the glorious title
Of a King; for if it had, ſhe might have made
Her choyce, ſince all the neigbouring Kings
Admire her: No Sir, ſhe aymes at that
Which made men Kings at firſt. Wiſdome,
And Valour; and ſhould ſhe ſearch the world
She cannot find a man where they
Doe meet ſo fully, as in brave *Lyſander*:
O Sir, then be not cruell, thinking to be
Careſull of thy Siſter.

King. She's cruell to her ſelfe,
And rather let her periſh by her raſh hand,
Then ſo diſhonour mee, by marrying with
A Subject.

Cleo. Farewell then
Cruell Brother: *Lyſander*, let us part
Tó meet again for ever; Ile goe firſt,
Becauſe my Brother ſhall not thinke of ſaving me
When you are dead.

Lyſ. No Madam,
Let me ſhew you the way, and when I feele
The paine, Ile tell you if it be too great
For you to ſuffer.

King. Hold: take him Siſter,
And be happy in him: I love thee more
Then ever, becauſe I ſee, thy minde is onely
Fixt on true Worth without additions.
I learn'd of Count *Orſinio* to bring things
To the extreameſt poynt, ſo to increaſe
The joy: it had beene a ſinne to part
Thoſe Bodies, whoſe very Soules ſeeme to bee
Joynd together.

Cleo. Brother, may I periſh,
When I forget this benefit, or ceaſe to pay
To you my Lord, my thankes, for pleading ſo
Lyſanders Cauſe and mine.

King.

King. Great Love this day hath ſhewne his mighty (power
Without the help of Fortune. In an hour
He hath reliev'd from death and from deſpaire
Foure of his trueſt ſubjects, and made fair
This day that was ore-clouded, let us praiſe
His power, that in a minute ſo can raiſe
From miſery to an exceſſe of Joy,
And in an inſtant that content deſtroy:
He hath to us been juſt this day as well as kind,
Rewarding vertuous Love, let none then call him (blind.

Exeunt omnes.

THE EPILOGVE.

Our Author feares there are ſome Rebell-hearts
Whoſe dulneſſe doth oppoſe Love's piercing darts:
Theſe will bee apt to ſay the Plot was dull,
The language rude, and that 'twas onely full
Of groſſe Abſurdities; for ſuch as theſe
He cares not now, nor ere will ſtrive to pleaſe:
For if your ſelves, a Miſtris, and Love's Friends,
Be pleas'd with this ſad Play, he hath his ends.

FINIS.